

Animism: Wisdom of the Ancients

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(Of the Ancestors) 'When things are in order, they will reveal themselves to you.'
- S.

'I seek Spirits' presence, and meaning everywhere I go... in all I do.' - T.

'A life without meaning would be highly bland.' - Anon.

'An artist or writer may feel that his life is tossed about, on the rocky coast line, by the breaking waves... but his works, going out into the world, are enhancing lives all over the world.' - Anon.

'People sometimes toil, and suffer, in the shadows, and cloisters of obscurity, never realizing the great work that their spiritual gifts can do, unawares to them, in the worlds beyond.'

'I think, that it's better to 'labor in

*obscurity,' than to become harshly judged,
for a thought that wasn't worth thinking.'
'Blinded by the bright lights of popular
appeal, and darkened by sin, your tongue
will tend to turn back against your own
good reputation.'*

*'Laboring in obscurity, is I think, the best
defense against being fooled by illusory
phenomena, such as sensual beauty, and
falling into, you know, desolation.'*

'ONE PERSON MIGHT HAVE
DIFFERENT ways from another. Maybe
you aren't so susceptible to illusion as

others may be, *but I myself, have, for one thing, more than my share of 'karmic suffering...' my work is often difficult... and therefore, I sometimes fall for illusory phenomena.* Additionally, I'm like some kind of 'lighter than air' craft, *so, I'm overly affected by the bitter cross winds... they seem to always drive me inwards, away from the social scene... and I'm driven inwards right now, by the cold winds of this approaching cold snap.'* *'I will have sensed it coming, already, and thrown myself into writing, or music, or art of some kind.'* 'Then, after a time, or experience shows itself, I'll at least have

something, such as this writing, to show for the time passed.' *'Sitting, with notebook and pen, or at my word processor, and just awaiting 'subtlest guidance,' might be the best thing that I know to do for myself.* If I brainstorm on a thing, for long enough, and get past the mental block that may be holding me back, I'll eventually find a 'well spring, of 'waters of life,' which will never run dry.' Most every book will start with crude, simple, and plaine ideas, such as these... and the humble beginnings obscure a later richness. Writing just a few thoughts, each day, and gradually jotting down thoughts, like this, even if they are

not profound... this can in time be made into a book.' *'See, the crude opening ideas of an article's becoming might only suggest at the much more articulate heights which will come, along into the heart of the writing. If you never make it past the faltering early beginnings of an article, you'll never know better.* My considerable experience in writing, tells me that, in order to get to the place, mentally, where you're able to just **'...dance freely in the intellect... in the collective soul of Mankind,'** you have got to get past the laborious beginning, and allow the inner spirit to 'grow her feathers,' and so to

speak, 'soar with the eagles.' *Only then, will you be able to, with confidence, call yourself a writer.* So, the bewilderment you may feel will pass, as soon as this 'inner spirit' has found herself, so to speak.' *'There will be certain 'gateways,' which any writer, or musician will learn to recognize, and get past, in growing, and building, and in getting through various changes in one's life.* Turning sixty years old, might be a significant gateway for yourself. Also might be, getting to return to one's hometown, and resume his or her writer's course, on his old familiar ground. So might be, getting to get together with an

old friend, after years have passed. *These gateways can be meaningful.* We'll get past, and through, them if we'll acknowledge them, and recognize *that they want to get you best situated to write or do art from the most enlightened, and up to date perspective, not ignoring the perhaps slightly different terms, or frameworks, around the creation.* Acknowledging the time being experienced, in writing, will give you a different experience, when later you have looked back at it, from a better future. Each day is slightly unique to itself. There will always be brighter days than this one, alone. So, please don't think

that this is the end.' *'When you've come back home, from your working years spent writing your most important pieces, I think that you'll find that the rest, and restoration, then, is better than any others you may have experienced. With such extraordinary retrospection freely available to yourself, you'll not tire of such easily.'* 'But, life is mainly for moving forward.' 'So, you'll keep a new project in development, at all times... you're not just alone, in your life, and there will be strong voices of partnership, ahead for yourself.' 'I, myself can easily think of a few small projects, which, for starters, can easily be

developed into work. The answers for yourself might be completely different. For instance, twenty five years ago, as a thirty year old man, I lacked this kind of readiness, and adaptability... and, I wasn't quite sure exactly what my goals were, in my life. However, I had a strong will, *to studiously discern, from within my arts (at the time,) the full fledged intellectual development... what would it be? What would it signify to me?* Such 'spiritual socialization,' didn't come easily, and I for the most part have had to stay in a state of receptivity to the slightest will to write, for instance, for years, *simply because there*

was so much I wanted to get down, and to get onto paper.' 'This work, at the time, was like a blur, or a fog in and around my mind, and it wasn't easy to rise above the combined downward weight and pressing on my mind. *I had to write so many truths out, in order to get them set in my mind.* The first had to happen, in order to find the other... they were two faces to the same coin.' 'So, today, I can write from a place of greater experience, and knowledge, *as I've more thoroughly 'taken the course,' of my writer's journey.'* 'At any rate, with patience and practice, anyone can come to discern their own truths.' 'How does one

have such willing words to say, on esoteric matters? *I think this has come through being given them, in past writings.* Such exchanges are all important.' *'If Spirit has told a truth to me, in writing, then I'll be more than willing to tell it to others.'* This is one of the central principles of my beliefs. Well, these words have wandered, and meandered, and have arrived upon this 'home ground,' as the best I know to give, presently. Maybe, you'll too find some meaning from within this. I hope you do. Well, our morning is cool and sunny, with a gentle breeze moving through these trees around this place. We're past the middle of

October now, and we've already had our first frost, over the last two nights. *This is unusual, because we don't usually have frost until November. An early winter.* Anyway, I'll wrap these thoughts up, and build my document file, and get them on their way. Well, all for now, Greg.

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I find myself, now, getting my notebook and pen devices out, *to catch some good ideas, which are in my mind presently.* It's a clear and cool October evening, this third Sunday, this year. I'm glad to be past the

imaginary crisis, of the day... any given day will have one or more problems to solve, and I will have to put my full solvent into use, to get past it. I think that this afternoon, I had to figure out, whether to do an additional piece of text input for one of my web pages, *and take care of that problem.* Working in the real time development and implementation of live web pages can be precarious, because many variables have to be functioning perfectly, just to interact successfully with the directories' server software. In this evenings light, though, I can see that, *if you work with a good software long*

enough, you'll eventually get it to work for you. Any ways, this is a beautiful Monday morning, and I have just come in the apartment from the back porch, where I was sitting absorbing some morning sunlight, and looking at the female cardinal birds bathing in the dewy grasses... shaking them, and letting the drops of water get down in their feathers, and shaking it off again. Anyways, I am inside, now, and finding some good reading, simply browsing around a few sites on the world wide web. The music in my earphones creates a mood of focused expectancy... as the time we are living in has so very many

up elevators, *still the 'downward spiral'*
will somewhat be a factor... **although now,**
with something to show for the time
spent... better off for it. To me, this is
good writing, as such uses impressionism
and suggestion to reveal unto the subtle
consciousness that which might often
appear to be true. A big part of being a
good writer, I think, is having a large
vocabulary of licks, or language
expressions, which can be easily conjoined
into phrases, and stanzas, rhyming, or
repeating figures, which can be expanded
upon, and developed into something more
substantial. I have definitely found, that

the right background music can make all the difference, in a writing session. A music randomization might work sometimes, but most of the time I'll do best by playing an optical disc, on a hand held player, through head phones. Once you procure a good c d player, it's a simple enough matter to ensure that the disc is clean, and isn't scratched. Being familiar with the jazz idiom, as an artform, allows a writer to get thought flowing... *and know that higher conscious ideas and expressions are just around each bend, awaiting discovery.* You do have to get past the crude, rough beginning stanzas of

an article, to find the full fledged performances later on. Anyone should, I think, remember that anyone can ascend into the having of an original voice... where your solos will be 'all new' material... *and where your given culture will receive such as 'never before heard' music.* There will be a degree of intelligence quotient in a writers stories, and you'll eventually see, *that your own full sentience might not be there, until mid way through the set.* I believe some people possess a quantity of nostalgic melancholia, and might be skilled at a poetic performance... the trick, is not just

to get past the wide brush strokes, at the start, *but to get performances onto media of some kind, as well.* Some of these poetrys will be pretty emotionally moving, as in around certain thresholds, like as in the start of a New Year, or a fifty year mark, or as in a home coming, like a returning to one's own home town. *Renewing an old friendship, can sometimes produce cathartic, and poetic performances.* At any rate, I hope you can see how as a beginning writer, I simply had to come to a lot of realizations... and there were a lot of dead end alleyways, and failed tries at art. Because I was writing a

sort of Gospel, in my own life, and the beginning times weren't always easy, but were usually failures. The time was somewhat colored by my usage of alcohol and narcotics, and inebriants, for one thing... *and, a lot of my early answers were just wrong. I needed a lot more practice, and as long as I kept up using chemical crutches, and relying on them, I was doomed to find failure. I had to find my baseline grounding, and this was hard to do when I would just take some liquor, or syrup, and repeat the pattern long term. At any rate, I was young, in the romances, and illusions of Hermetism... and had to*

get to know my more adult ways. I thought that the childhood ways would be enough, to understand my own mind, but found that I was pretty bewildered. At any rate, I'm twenty years sober, now, so you see... I can tell you about my past using, **but that doesn't mean I'm anything like that nowadays.** The reason I tell you is so that you'll maybe see clear through this tendency to use inebriants, and alcohol, and narcotics, to dull your pain... *See, then, how stupid I used to be compared to this modern avatar you might relate to on my pages?* Anyways, this morning is sunny, and cool... but today the temperatures

should be up into the low eighties. Not bad for the second half of October. We don't usually have frost, until after Halloween, around the first of November. It's a bit chilly at night here, but it's not any hard freeze. So, we'll probably have that in the first part of November. At any rate, I had such a literature reading path this morning... I woke up around five, got my shower. But from the moment I sat down with my shirt pocket supercomputer, I was completely captivated by story after story... I'm interested in so much of what is happening in this modern world... I haven't had this much absorption in the culture, in

a while. At any rate, I get a lot of inspiration from seeing recovered drug users from previous generations, who are still going strong, and keeping a strong creative life, and times. *But, escaping the cycles of addiction might be the hardest thing you'll do.* You'll eventually be so familiar with the sort of cravings which recovered people always have, sometimes, *that they won't threaten you... and you'll begin putting your hopes where your finished equity is.* If you're a teacher, or instructor, you'll begin finding the life satisfaction which you have now is completely enough for you to mothball

your addiction prone personality, *and always by default, have a healthy, non destructive, non chemical way to deal with the pain any given morning brings.* My cravings, and worrying, that I'm somehow not getting my fill, enough, of material things I love, are completely transient, fleeting things. The inner higher powers in your life completely transcend the dark aspects of life every day... the higher powers have utterly defeated the pain. I find my hopes, joy, and real satisfaction in my work... within it's doing, and sharing. There's nothing I like doing better than managing three hundred plus websites, and

watching my own progress, internally. So you see, the grave doesn't have any victory, here. *Me and my Higher Power have won, completely.* Fears, and demons which once haunted me, as I was repeatedly putting my cigarette to my lips, for nearly thirty years of my life, don't have any more power over me today. At any rate, this which you see, is called **'Pro Claiming My Victory.'** **'Telling it on the Mountain.'** Well, I have tried to give an honest accounting of the awesome work the Good Lord has done in my life, just in the past year. I hope you can see some promise for yourself, also. I just have to hesitate before I say that God's

word is all you need... *because, most people could use a team of specialists, who get paid to focus on you, and your life problems.* The amazing thing is, I think, that this comes along, naturally, when we tirelessly search our own soul, and somehow bring from within yourself your own kind of Eleysium. **The Deveachaic plaine takes care of it's own children, who are in on its wonder... If you're in on the Mystery, and if you live by its principles, you'll find your needs met... one good way or another... no doubt about it.** Well, I've rambled endlessly, and I guess I'll wrap this writing up, and add it

in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

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Reeding back over this set of writings, thus far, I am asking myself... 'Life struggles, keeping to obscurity, writers' lessons, addictions, and the recovery life...' *'When do I get to read about animism?'* Well, I would guess, that, these life events, and pathways, *are some of the fruit, good and bad, of this matter of, animisim.* I would say, that when we're able to see the world through this lens, we will also have seen through these other factors, such as

obsessive compulsive disorders,
schizophrenia, and depression... *these are
powerful hinderances to an enlightened
life, which is able to consider placidly the
animistic under pinnings of our lives, and
the world we live in.* Anyways, as I sit
here, on this low bed, this last Wednesday
night of October this year, I'm mulling over
these things, and thinking about the life
changing breezes, which flow through
every corner of my days and nights, *the
spiritual wind which has enlivened my
intellectual world, since around my age
twenty three.* You see, there's a difference,
it seems to me, between the normal waking

consciousness, of adult mentality... and the schizophrenic state... in the company of ghosts. Through the years, I've tried to shine light into this distinction, and illustrate the many variations in the light, *which come from close communion with higher ascended beings.* You should be able to see this difference, if my life has been changed at all. Just tonight, I'm thinking closely over 'cats whiskers,' and enjoying this visualization. 'What does this have to do with anything?' you ask. It's just that in my mind, there is an ecology of bliss, and blissful feelings... it's through visualizing, as led by the inner spirit, that

I'm given, or metered out... administered... a steady flow of endorphines. This is the way, that a spiritual path crosses distances of time gracefully, from one beneficial time, or creation, to another. *These are like stones in a footpath, leading into an ever closer relationship, with eternity.* Oh, when I think of how this relationship has lifted, and enfolded my life over this thirty five year period! This relationship, of the Self with the Beloved, (the presences particular to one's journey, in life...) I haven't felt closer to these spirits, since my first decade of wonder, and such a lifeline, as that newness was. Although I suffered

pain and alienation, there was the comfort of company, in my heart... and this close time was my ten year introduction to animism. Well, so now, I've given you a few of my thoughts on this. What do you think? At any rate, I've gotten out of bed at a good time, this morning, and gotten my shower, and gotten dressed... and have sat down to this writing. *There are definite ways to find victory, in this life... getting writing done is among the best of them.* I was thinking, earlier, about some recent video work, I've called, '**The Caves of the Yogii.**' This past summer has seen two definite incidences of cataclysmic

flooding... the first in North Carolina, and the second, just this week, in Western Europe. My spirit guides must have seen this coming, because... depending on how you see... I seem to have had some definite instances of flooding, *predicted, in my art... in my artistic pre sentience.* You may not have seen this type of pre sentience before, but, here's what I think. If we're conscious of our spiritual higher powers, and if we're reading the flows of our lives consciously... we'll spot anything predictive. I've written before, how, **'You can't do art, like visual art, or video... and not include the possible or likely**

future.' I've seen this over and over again, and this latest video work again confirms this. I offer for your consideration, the way my artistic mind spotted the tornado outbreak of twenty eleven... before it even happened. *My artists pen couldn't help but see the 'plunging drop off,' just ahead, then...* and my two thousand and nine to two thousand and ten audio book, appears to predict a fall, like an abrupt ending, sometime around the finishing of that writing. There had been ecological disasters, (leading up to this time,) *such as the Deepwater Horizon oil spill, in the Gulf of Mexico, and the Fukushima*

earthquake, and tsunami, which had sent radioactive waste water into the coastal environment off Japan. Having a mind like mine own, I tend to see man's wasteful polluting, in a superstitious manner. If there were big stories, of man's carelessness, or lack of foresight, in polluting the natural environment, then, my mind's paranoia tend to see 'natures wrath,' as being our just recompence... this is just how the paranoid mind operates. *I know, that it is common, after natural disasters, for people to say, 'This is only God's way.'* I'm a writer, and I know that this way of thinking is somewhat natural, and having

seen what I have seen, I'm inclined to feel this way. I believe that the air, is something like a 'living spirit,' and there aren't any weather 'accidents,' per say... nature hurts people, not just because she wants to 'show her power...' but because the conditions are present. But the animistic way of seeing is so bewildering, (to think that nature... even the air we breathe... is a conscious force...) that I use science to explain weather phenomena empirically... *this is our way, as Westerners.* Science's mission is to explain phenomena scientifically, so as to take back from nature that power, over us. Science

understands the principles involved, in weather phenomena, and therefore a considerable part of our society is given to shining light upon these natural, observable processes. *The type of superstition which my mind gets, like I've described, flows from our animistic views, onto the world.* If we weren't in the animism school, then we wouldn't be inclined to be superstitious. And, this superstition is a strong force in our modern world. But, such needs to be resisted. You see, science understands the principles involved in weather formation... only this is presented to the exclusion of the consciousness of the animistic forces to

which I subscribe. *Because they can't be proven.* In our arts, is where this superstition tends to show up. Of course, I would gladly list the forces involved... the warmer air, colliding with the colder jet streams, commonly coming from the pacific northwest... and simply omit the animistic views. But, privately, I imagine something which most people haven't ever conceived of... *the energetic, even living presences, which a mind like mine sees inhabiting empty space...* having been shown these presences, my mind tends to see a living planet, **which exists independently of our belief or disbelief in**

it. This is partly why I'm in the mental health care system, because of these animistic beliefs, planted in my brain. This is the animistic, or spiritual way of seeing... not so much spirituality, but more like 'spiritualism.' There is a difference, and I think that this is the objective of the Christianity, **to somewhat take back from nature her power over our minds, and hearts, and give it all to a loving compassionate God, or Father spirit.** Pronounced interest in the Mother spirit, and the spirit world in general, is a tendency of the animistic beliefs, like Shinto, which is the national religion of

Japan. As another example, the North American indigenous peoples also believe in a Great Spirit, *and tend to see all of nature as an intelligent, and animate, even sentient community, which asks for, even demands, our respect.* Ecology based thinking holds that we can deepen our relationship with the natural systems and processes and powers of nature, by respecting the differences, between human and nature, and through showing the nature a considerate, thoughtful stewardship... and not neglecting our human responsibility... *being careless or wasteful.* Because, absolute reality tells us plainly, 'No one

rides for free,' there will always be debts, and dues to pay, if we're really living in our lives, at all. Our diet, for instance. *If one is in the plaine of reality, in which it's seen that he or she waves affectionately at animals, such as canines, and felines, then there might be different terms.* This might extend to the birds, and cattle, as well... so you see, how the grievances we're faced with, from day to day **may have real offenses as their reason and cause.** At any rate, I hope these ideas have helped someone, in their path, by somewhat affirming, and confirming, that which you have already seen, but maybe have been

complacent about. And I'm myself not above criticism... *as I sometimes sin in similar ways.* Well, I'll wrap this article up, and add it in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

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I've started this book to get down on paper all of my thoughts on this given topic... animism. *But, on an afternoon like this one, this first of November, this year, I'm just enjoying jotting down any thought that arises... as long as it passes certain basic criteria.* Of course, it can't be self harmful,

or injurious to my self, nor can it threaten injury to anyone else, other than me. These are really the two main guidelines, as far as I can see. Other than this basic rule, there is a lot that one can get onto paper. For instance, I've often thought of this writing as a journal, or as in a diary, *a place to get down recent thoughts, and place them in a time line... so that the passage of time will be something more than just a twinkling.* I've certainly been through a lot of mind frames, through the years, and have seen a lot of inner 'weather.' Right now, for instance, I'm dealing again with the newness of having my own personal space,

apart from a group relationship, as in a group home. I've often thought how, I do best in a group setting, and as part time in the group space, but when I'm somewhat at a zenith, artistically, I'll enjoy the personal time, and any seclusion, as time 'to my self.' *I guess, this is part of what surprises me, sometimes.* I've always gotten migraines, and now is no different. But, with a set of visualizations, as in the yoga stretches, in particular the sun salute, maybe I can modulate this ever changing energy palate, *and get myself from the daily point A to point B... this, I guess, is the hope of a place like this one.* At any

rate, I'm glad to have this writing, as such gives myself an outlet, at just any of the stress points of a day. I would say that anyone has got to have good strategies, to deal with professional life changes, for instance, and to stay afloat in the sometimes turbulent inner mind. *Any time I can look back on a piece of writing, and find that it reads well, and isn't offensive in any way, this is always good.* The piece itself can easily go into a larger flowing, and become in time a written work. Having writing going on at any given time, can be an advantage, in dealing with daily difficulties, for instance... and I'll always

love having something to show for the time passed. Well, I have awoken with my alarm, this morning, and I have gotten my shower, and am getting some weekly clothes washing done. I guess, now, with this done, I'm freed up to have a 'worry free' Saturday, today. A melancholic or bluesy song on my radio, reminds me of my early first decade, of time spent outside of my parents home... *my twenties*. I think, this morning, that I can get a nap, and some additional sleep... but it's nice also to be seated at my word processor, and to have these ideas. That surely is something you might call, a 'varied selection of miracles...'

because if it weren't for my disability insurance, and the providance of a good home like this, I would otherwise be on the street. This is a good thing to remember, as always... because I sometimes neglect the blessings of this path, in the rush to build and make for myself a world that's worth living in. My physical circumstances are seen unto, but any circumstances are improved greatly, by having new creative work in process... this is important to remember. People everywhere enjoy security, and a richness of intellect, which having a spiritual side brings. I have thought before, that the spirit world is a

land of a person's potentialities in process.

If you think about it, any spirit being suggests at an world of possibilities, maybe more than any thing else. With an alliance on 'the other side,' and keeping the 'higher worlds,' in your eyesight, then, other than the necessity for managing certain factors spirit consciousness brings, like obsessive compulsive, repetition disorders, and paranoia tendencies, *you'll ultimately be the most well informed, and strongest, most enlightened person you can be.* But this asks a lot of a person, and any hereditary risk factors, or problem areas become greatly magnified, through the

spiritual lens... of course, if you've got stronger constitution, *you'll be better prepared to handle the challenges of human frailty, as most portraits have blemishes.* But good parents know how to compensate for the devil's wiles. *I was shown how, there's no problem which me and good reading can't solve.* Especially when your reading material is so classic, as the King James Bible, and the best your nation's authors can dream of. I think that television promotes a lazy mind, **and reading teaches kids that they can accomplish anything, with sufficient willpower.** *So you can see, how, you don't*

want your kids to be at a disadvantage, so you'll get them reading as early as you can.

At any rate, it's a beautiful, partly sunny Sunday morning, and I've gotten my chores done, and I'm enjoying getting this writing done, here, and thinking on a genuinely better future. *It just helps enormously, when we see, and expect more positive outcomes, in the pains of life which will come.*

I think, that getting older, gracefully, is most like, a return to the innocence, of childhood, the way we were, when our minds weren't wrapped up in concerns of matters which we have no control over... and when we're readily able

to envision positive outcomes, in all we do. *This is why it is recommended that young minds be given rich and varied experiences. They need to know that this is a fun time to be alive, on Earth, and we can appreciate it easily, when we've sampled a wide range of experiences, in our youth, and know and trust in the goodness of these, our institutions. But, I'll put this mildly. Our binary appliances, and smart devices, and especially seen in conjunction with the internet, are indeed a magnifying glass, and an amplifier... our dreams can find their full potential... quickly... nowadays, with these personal*

supercomputers but, as in numerous other powerful tools, and secrets, they can amplify bad qualities as well *and they must have built inn safeguards against this....* Just so we know, that this twenty first century is an enormously lucrative time to be alive within... but I think, that our societies deepest worries consist in, the remote possibility *that your next door neighbor uses a supercomputer, an empowering tool, and makes something destructive.* And so our minds are beset by self doubts, and self criticisms... I think, that when my own self doubts began to grow large, my personal raft of troubles

began to exponents. *In other words, maybe the lesson of our internet, is how such can build a better world, where any type of media is accessible... but no single type of music is to be thought the only music, over all others.* But, on the other hand, the force of gravity is definitely something that we have got to deal with, and prepare for, in any endeavor. *I think, that my own mind was so impressed with gravity, itself, that back then, I had to reflect the downward pull, in my music.* And I'm not the only one, who saw the sharp down beat. At any rate, times have changed, enormously, and *I would definitely say, that the way to see*

dark music, lies in how, we can square it away, in the Akashic Records, and actually find ourselves, and our minds made stronger, for it. Just look at the crucifix, and the Christ story. Part of its power, and beauty, is that it is squared away in the past... ancient history. But, this in itself is our liberation, and salvation, from deepest sin. Because what ever it is, it can't be any darker than was the Savior's burden, carrying His cross, so long ago. So, essentially, we'll never have to pay that ultimate price ever again... the Christ paid in full. At any rate, you can find this thinking, because it goes right by the

*traditional templates, and my problems are serviced by the Good News just as yours are. So there, I hope I've shown you a light, and a hope. This is the hope of my ideo syncratic music. It is indeed squared away, and that pattern needn't ever repeat again. At least not for a long time. **Things can only get better.** You might say, that, 'Greg, don't you see that this is the beginning the end?' But, I think that it's plain and clear, that there was only one who was given that particular ideo syncracy... as in the Christ story... **and such isn't forbidden, or restricted, but is squared away in a place where anyone***

can access it. And it needn't ever repeat.

Much like the Christ story, we wouldn't ever want to see that again. At any rate.

You can get the idea. *Well, these have been some thoughts, and the Pastor's sermon, this 'partly sunny' Sunday.* I hope these ideas have reached your heart, and that the Earth has a great Seasonal time, just ahead. Well, all for now. I'll wrap this writing up, and send along your way now. Greg.

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This morning, as I was sitting outside on our back porch, of this apartment, I was

looking across into the wall of greenery behind the back fence, and the vista, down the hillside, through the vie nee tree tops, down to the vale, below, and I thought I saw a little something moving, down in the weeds, and kudzu, just beyond the fence..

A pair of sparrows immediately appeared on the fence railing, as if to maintain the illusion of normalcy. I got a flashback, to a time when I was eight or nine years old, and I can remember long summer afternoons, when my friends and me would be out running in the woods, and fields, and streams, of our surrounding countryside, until after dusk. We'd come

back to the house, smelling like grass, and dirt, and anything else we might have been working on like old mechanical junk... we would be sometimes covered in mosquito bites, or poison ivy, and we would tend to have to jump in the bath, at our Moms insistence. *But, we could have kept our outfits, and our smells, for our parts, because we were one with the out of doors.* Anyways, these vivid memories came back, when I saw something moving in the weeds and kudzu. I guess that it was probably an armadillo, or an opossum, or a rabbit... but whatever it was, the memories came back, and this place where I'm living now, is on a

hill top... I thought to myself, this hill probably goes by another name, to the local mammals, and amphibians, and others... something like, 'The Great Mountain,' or something wondrous like that... because when you get really close to nature, and you begin relishing in the aromas, and everything else, about the underbrushes, and the soil... *you see, the Great Earth playfully allows you in, to a brotherhood, and sisterhood, of Nature.* I believe that the feelings are the planets nervous system. The simple majesty, and mystery of an ordinary morning... these are ours, when we get down in her weeds, and grasses, and

experience the environment, in a streamlined manner, without our attachments, and encumbrances.... the skinny on nature, *is that she is a witty, wiley, miss chevious, playful, and exuberant, even ecstatic old system...* It really helped to remember this, because as the children we were, growing up, in the country south of here, we tapped into the endless abundance of nature, and she playfully showed us her wonders... *only as we grew older, and became reliant on pills and potions, and rejected her infinitude, that our lives grew isolated, and cold... lifeless, and lonely.* I hope you can see

through this description, how plain and simple places, to us, like a backyard, or a wooded area, are really playgrounds, and palatial sanctuaries, for communities so ancient, and varied... sitting here, I just wouldn't dream of disrupting these littler, simpler peoples' lives... or of disturbing them in any way... as their lives, and times are so steeped in the knowledge and wisdoms it takes to survive there, and me and my machinery have a hard time even picking up her wavelength... so busy, as I am, making and building, *that I've forgotten how to just live, and love, playfully, in the sights, and smells, and*

wonders of the wilderness. These views, and observations, are, I think, entryway into animism. I wouldn't be this way, *without having seen such.* Well, these have just been some thoughts, this morning. I'll wrap them up, and add them in with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED TELEPATHY? Well, no one really knows. 'How can we communicate with the afterlife?' *'If the afterlife had a means of communication, it might be such.'* Around

my age thirteen, I was given a pamphlet on 'telepathic consciousness,' and although it looked good to me, I wasn't ready, for this, until ten years later. I had reeding to do. So, as in a card game wager, I went slower, instead... *hoping for the eventual blessings of having red more books... more classics.* You can't very well reed and comprehend, if you're distracted mentally. So reed I did. You see? I thought I'd profit more by staying on the reeding path, longer, than I would by entering the grown up world as a telepath, *and risking losing my rock steady concentration.* At any rate, I continued my studies. This writing will continue this

thesis, along into the second chapter. Anyways, this will give me something to work on through this weekend. It's the start of the second week in November, a Friday, and it's the evening, and I sit writing... inputting these thoughts into my blue tooth keyboard, connected to my smart device. I feel like I've gotten my 'sounds,' and my 'visions,' to a nice place, in space and time, and I'm just looking to add a few thoughts into this new writing, presently. *Well, I've just been thinking, of how, to know a time, you've got to know the time's art.* I just have got to see how, there was a young generation, in my day, which

'Walked with Spirits,' only they weren't conscious of this phenomenon. *They somewhat had to be allowed into the 'conversation,' betwixt Man and God.*

Until he or she could find himself, in this context, he was to be tossed about helplessly upon the tossing churning waves. This person wasn't any one you would really know of, but he or she was found in every community... embodied as the 'slowest,' but the 'surest.' *People looked to him or her, for help and advice, but his real world understanding, was skin deep.* He was to have to dive beneath the surface of his own soul, and only gradually

find his way back. It would be a long journey, *but one day he would look back, and wonder why he waited so long to try.* Of course, I now know why... *only the silent, solitary mind gets the best reeding... and reeding, it's been said, is the very best thing for developing minds.* At any rate, it's in 'knowing the way,' to the 'limitless fountain waters,' that one can really transcend the limitations of karmic shame, and suffering. *'It's in knowing that this way is always open, and this path is always clear,' inwardly, when we focus, that we can discover, or rediscover the real Eternal life, to which we're destined.*

There's really no better way to put it than that. Anyway, it's Saturday morning, and I sit to get down a few thoughts, about whatever comes to mind. I guess, that, in the best way I know to think, I don't have much thorough understanding of anything, except animism. *Everything else is tied in, somewhat, to that.* I do have some understanding of the piano, but not enough to really call myself proficient. And then there's outdoorsmanship, and cycling, and the ability to write, in a mediumistic manner, was not something that came easily... *a lot of my old patterns had to be broken down, and me get fully under the*

wings of my protecting Angel. Perfect receptivity was the key, **and a strong relationship had to gradually be nurtured, and developed.** *And this was all somewhat of a set of ideas developed around, and of animism.* Writing in such an articulate and clear manner, I think is something which is easy to take for granted. *This basically comes, also, from being fully dedicated to the will of my Higher Power, and from minimalizing one's own self.* This doesn't at all mean, that the self is to be denied of good and decent things in life, like the having of a strong portfolio, and taking pride in your work.

These come along with getting into the will of God. *'God,' 'Higher Power,' 'the Spirit,' and 'Grandmother Spider,' are four terms which are somewhat used here interchangeably, depending on, the will of that Higher Power.* So, in part through the 'dismantling' of differences, and polarities, and breaking down each illusory language usage, I think that it's possible to keep from driving one's reader away from his or her self. There will always be the invisible boundary between writer and reader, but we can somewhat learn to dissolve this line, and enter into real friendship, and companionship. *Maybe the measure of a*

writer, is in his or her honesty, and openness with his readers. Each heartfelt admission is a stone set in the 'palace of friendship,' and trust. At any rate. These are my thoughts on this matter. Keeping a friend is much harder than keeping an enemy. *But it's a much easier path, to keep only friends, rather than to try and keep foes, and adversaries.* So, you have to try to keep your friends. Anyway, parts of our land, here, are getting heavy snow conditions... three or four feet of this white mess out west in the Rockies, is what I've heard. Only rain is forecast for where I am. And lots of it. At any rate, I'm

thinking this morning, about those of my generation... differing theories hold sway. *I myself will say, that the gen x kids became some of the best and hardest working mommas and daddys on the planet.* But this class of guys wasn't without its eccentrics. It is thought that there were a set apart group of mystics, among these, who were drawn toward New Age beliefs... as an eventual path to Theosophy... the New Age mysticism of the nineteen eighties was well known, what with closest elders being the likes of Ken Wilbur, Terrence Mckenna, and Timothy Leary... *I for one, was drawn to these*

visions, but as far as having an spiritual experience in my daily life, I think that my third eye was glued shut, from my birth.

So, naturally, I was drawn so enormously to those who spoke of self transformation, and spiritual self discovery... self knowledge. I was later to uncover my own Theosophic, inter faith beliefs... and my childhood was spent reading, and gleaning all that I could from the science fiction and fantasy genere writers. Bus this was no substitute for what I was really looking for... *namely, self help literature, such as the New Thought and Theosophy groups.*

But, as a teenager, I had such a long way to

grow. My artists eye found a lot of meaning, for some reason, in the Hobbit type of imagery. I was drawn as a child to the chipmunks imagery... of furry people, in a medieval broad sword and sorcery sort of setting. *What I think this pointed unto, was the disintegrating of my persona, into a schizoid sort of mental patient, and later, a spiritualist, who works closely with higher ascended beings, and talks at length with the dearly departed.* Especially, considering the ways I've written so much on mediumship, and animism, through the years... you can see, that I for one had to make some kind of revolutionary

technological advancement, as I entered adulthood... *and acquire a type of knowledge that I had been outside of consciousness of previously.* This proved so revolutionary in my own life, *that I dropped out of the conventional society, and fell head long into hermeticism.* Only after ten years of wandering, in this course, and substance abuse, and alcoholism, and having hit rock bottom, twice, *did I realize how 'people need people...' and there wasn't any use in my going it alone any more... I would have to live with others, communally, in a group home setting.* And it was here, in various homes, that my life

work was given to me, from the 'lands above.' Such is still being given to me, and shows no signs of letting up. At any rate, just some thoughts. **You see, when we try in the world of writing, and in 'getting our thoughts down on paper,' we can find good results.** But, this sometimes involves, abandoning ones 'rational intellect,' and just jotting down, as if from a spiritual elder, any and every thought which comes up, and then just finding what was written is good, and just then polishing it to perfection... getting the glitches out. But, it won't be nearly as bad writing as you thought it was, *in fact, you'll revere it*

as among your best. Well, these have certainly been some ideas, this afternoon. **If you can believe the stories about 'little green men,' then I know that you can find my ideas of my own coming of age.** I had to learn that the mundane world is only the rudest beginning, and the worlds we see and find as older adults are of the infinitely varied sort, *and with a trusted guide, or a mediumistic familiar in these invisible lands, we'll travel through many many inner landscapes, and always return home, safe and sound.* Well, I'll wrap these ideas up, and add them in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

~

Well, I sit now, to collect a few thoughts, and to try and see what's on my mind this morning. We've got a beautiful sunny Friday morning, and, as for myself, I just about am feeling blessed... to have had a quality new piano album come through yesterday, *nothing much else can really get to me, or get me down... as I'm just blessed.* I'll be glad to get this writing rolling along, and the rest of the day will not present much problem, then. Anyway,

these are just some thoughts, sitting here, and I can fairly well say, that they're my own thoughts... not just given from an angelic guidance. *But the guidance is there, always anyways, so wouldn't it be best to go by that?* At least that's what I think. *This writing will begin the second article in the second part of this new audio book, 'Animism, Wisdom of the Ancients.'*

Re approaching writing, this second Saturday evening in November, now, I'm impressed, somewhat, with the emptiness in my mind... just, *'Where is that particular inspiration?'* Every time I'm reminded, of

the inner emptiness... this in itself is inspiring, because I'm quite familiar with how, *if a person isn't in perfect harmony with the Ascended Ones, there won't be any inspiration, whatsoever.* If there even was a me, then I was impressed for years, in my twenties, of just how a forsaken soul will tend to be devoid of the 'breath of creativity..., *and how, the life might have to be 'turned around,' somewhat to realize any creative goals at all.* Nowadays, for four years, or so, I've had such a prolific upwelling of creative expression, that it is somewhat unbelievable how this could be. Any humbling experience, in writing, or in

artistry in general, usually suffices to reinforce the central lesson, in my life, this of how, *I can't do it alone... I'm not much any more than a straw stuffed scare crow, compared to the inspired perspective of the prolific artist.* But, I, myself, believe that **'no situation is immutable,'** and often the right conditions will develop of their own accord. *'When I may feel the loneliest, might just be when I am being carried, by my Savior.'* 'When I think I've got a thing figured out, and settled, will be when I'm met by contrary circumstances.' 'I have to be sure and keep my mind cognitively sharp, and refrain from becoming or being

mindlessly led, like a herd animal.' 'Some things, in life, I will have to spot.' You will want to avoid making blatantly false assertions, or things of that nature, in writing. *But with time, you'll get the feel of how good writing takes not only passive receptivity, but a focused point of control...* in order to keep from running aground, so to speak, my vessel has to be guided by constant vigilance. So, if I'm too passive... *Spirit will ask of me, to engage my problem solving ability... as something quite central to my existence.* I can tell, from some of the stories we read in the news, how, I've got to have belief in myself... or

no one else will. I've really gotten a line onto someone else's loss, for instance, when I can see that, 'I just must have chosen the wrong moment, to build, and to share.' **What made it so wrong? My calling it wrong makes it wrong.** 'There can be no other explanation.' As mortals, we're not in the business of doing wrong... not at all... but any given day has it's share of wrong anyway, so then, it's 'pity the poor soul who hath run aground,' because, the peacefully free path might be so obscured by the ill gotten gains of another, that he or she loses sight of that peace. **(He believes a wrong to be so.)** I have days, which are

just like, I have to break things down, for me, and reaffirm some basic truths, and go forward only from this type of reset... being complacent, or nonchalant in things won't do. *I have to renew my central relationships.* So, then I'll do this, and sometimes be put back to a 'higher ground,' than where I was to start with. I'm just always amazed at how a writer sometimes blames him self, *because he's the only one he has any control over.* It's no good blaming another soul, because I've no say over them. But, I can usually review certain basic lessons, for myself. Lessons such as how, *'It is harder to frown, than to*

smile,' or how we should 'Do unto others as we would have them do unto ourselves.'

At any rate, these are some thoughts. You can see, that in life, we are never entirely alone... even if you are feeling broken, and cheated, there is hope, if only in how we review basic lessons, almost any time we are going to the empty page... this is just what good writing is comprised of... *this reviewing of the lessons our lives are built on.* Sometimes, we get so wrapped up in imagery which we are fond of, or we are so close to a thing, that we're blind to its dark side. *I think, anything strong has a good and bad usage... I've seen this throughout*

my life. The strongest medicine, is what can hurt me, if it's used wrongly. But, it's benefits might be enormous. Well, we all suffer set backs, now and then. This is precisely when we want to think about our store of knowledge, and wisdom... *and not just be made into another victim, by forces which don't care for ourselves.* While a coin has a top facing side, bear in mind, that the reverse side has the other face. *If I were a gold fish, I would have an eye on my right face, and an eye looking out on my left face... each eye stares in a different direction.* The two have to focus as one, in order to look directly ahead. In this

example, one then doesn't have to search any more, for the goal has already been attained... *the Unity mind can be found in this way.* At any rate, I hope, that you can glean some kernel of sense, from within my ploddings. I can well remember, being so intensely challenged as I have been lately, in earlier years, not far from this neighborhood. In fact, an important challenge has reoccurred to me... and such a thing requires a fully focused intellect. *Which is something I know how to access.* *(With Angelic guidance, that is.)* I might will not have engaged my cognitive intellect to this particular task, in twenty

years, or more. 'What might that be, then?' You might ask. Then I would say what the particular thing was, and how I got past it... You'd be in the know, then, for sure. At any rate, *I'll tell you things like this, if you 'get me started.'* I can use this writing, to demonstrate, how the Animism within and about my person can assist me in the goals I believe in... *or it can diss agree and detract.* **But, a mind acting, thinking, in concert, can do wonderful things. Such as solve problems, or navigate tricky times.** This is the difference that such concert makes. Which is a good, democratic thing, with it's own checks and

balances. *So, the way will become apparent.* At any rate, I'll go ahead, and bring this writing to a close, and add it in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

~

Well, settling into bed, to get some writing done, this evening, I'm just thinking, how impressed I am, *at how robust have been the tossing churning waves, recently.* I'm reminded of the four compass points, and of the winds crossing over these lands. This is the best way to describe these daily

challenges... like a trudging hike down a stoney wintery trail, in the freezing drizzle, drops running down the back of my collar, and down my nose, and into my eyes... having only a sodden campfire, if that, to look forward to... and a makeshift shelter of twine, and branches, and boughs. You might think, that this miserable hiking goes on indefinitely, but I'm just coming into what will definitely suffice as a camp... an raised hill, which has a pine straw covering, amidst the piney trees, and sparse undergrowth. I proceed to gather some fire wood, of low hanging branches, and pile it by the clearing... after this, I use my flint

and steel, to start a fire in a tuft of 'punk,' which I've scraped from a branch, into feathery tinder... this quickly catches some pine branches, and I lay a piece of heart pine over the crackling hearth. *When I produce an album, and am thrown into a kalidascope whirl, of blurryness, and vague diss easyness, I sometimes start to worry, that our time line might have an upset up ahead.* But, now, I'm pretty much sure, that this is only an illusory appearance, *for such a talented piano effort...* and just comes from being left without my usual luxuries, such as tea, and sugar, or crunchy baked corn

snacks, for a longish weekend becomes longer still, without what you love to consume, in the form of food and drink. *I think, that I'm just making too much of a fuss, out of an fairly ordinary time, in general.* 'A poor effort,' or 'not a very good piano album.' At least, this is what I'm telling myself, tonight, while I'm still sizing up the days difficulties, and comparing them to, say, my well adjusted baseline, in general. A lessor quality Christmas record, is one thing, but the festive time, and my festive cover art, and the mellow moods, so pleasant, and pleasing, is another. *I'm thinking, 'I've*

never done a Christmas record before.' Oh. Now I understand. At any rate, just some thoughts, and observations. You see, how being a jazz blues piano artist is easy enough on the surface, you just play, and let yourself express through your instrument. But, there will always be many dues to pay, for a person who is trying to offer classic piano improvisations, out into a land like ours is, *and a planet like ours today is.* Dues paying is how, I think, we bargain with Mother Nature, for an safe voyage... *trading off our time, our luxuries, for a successful record launch.* Do you see, how I've solved my difficulties

completely, now, and I'll not worry much any more? *If we search dilligently, and look at matters from each angle, we'll arrive upon the best way to see a thing.*

This is an important, and necessary process... without confidently knowing the right models through which to see the world, we feel displaced, and disoriented... and our observations, and judgments, then, will lack the full fledged staying power to endure, amidst the modern difficulties. *At any rate, these are things that have to be seen unto, living as I do with animistic representational consciousness... I have to get my archetypes, and symbols squared*

away... My means of understanding. Well, today is a sunny and mild day, and we're expecting temperatures to drop in two days... this will probably be the coldest weather so far this Fall. I'm sitting out on my apartment back porch, enjoying the breezes and the bright sunn shining on the trees across the back. I guess that I'm feeling better than yesterday, and I can see this writing coming together, now. Clouds are moving across the sky, big billows alternatively covering the sunn, with brightly lit periods. *If you've got a gift for storytelling, you would want to let it shine, wouldn't you?* So as to give my writing

color... this is also why I include these narrative bits. I'm listening to our washing machine doing it's second spin cycle... after it stops, I'll remove these clothes, and put them in the dryer, and put another load in. I like doing chores such as this, because I'm so glad to be in a good apartment... enjoying chores is always a blessing. *I guess that last weekends pain was worth it, with such good work coming through. This is usually the right criteria.* At any rate, this afternoon is coming along, and I'm looking forward to a lunch leftover around three oh clock. It's a warm and breezy Monday evening, and I sit inputting

these thoughts herein while waiting for evening medicine, and snacks. I've finished the day's work, and can go right to bed, after this. But I'll get some reading done, and maybe more writing, will be gotten down. *There's definitely a road, within the heart, and I can see that we can grow, and return to the innocence of childhood...* **when we 'follow our bliss,' we'll eventually find our mind swaddled, and enfolded in such bliss... that we'll not run aground, or feel the pain of separation, ever again.** When I get to feeling this way, I just want to stay receptive, and receive all of the goodness

that this sort of mind can give. I've settled into bed, now, and I'm sure glad to be off of the 'trails,' today, and to have narrowed my concerns down to just this writing... and the gentle music coming from my bedside speakers. *I never realized, how my 'Tablatures of the New,' would encompass so many sets, and settings of keyboard music...* twenty years ago, if you would have told me that I'd have so many shows, to my name... I would have had a hard time believing. And, this is the way, into such a peace... hands and arms reaching up past the sides of my head, toward the heavens... *all of me, reaching in this way, and*

entrained into concert like this. This way, will save you, from the frothy tides... as we reach upward, *we'll be uplifted, and placed onto the higher ground where we'll be safe and sound.* I guess, that I'll wrap these thoughts up, now, and add them in with the others. Have a good new week. Greg.

~

The world that our Great Grandparents first envisioned, and dreamed of, at the start of the twentieth century, is really like, *everywomans version of 'the sexiest*

woman on the whole beach.' But being on the beach, as we may be, we might be somewhat susceptible to cyclones. Rising sea levels have been, and still are, talked about as being many of our people's nemesis. *These are modern perils.* I'm sitting here, anyways, thinking around various topics, which my linguistic mind has delved into recently... and trying to translate these woven scraps into a blanket against the cold. There's this idea around the popular music video playback format, optical discs, and the wonder we feel when we've got a real listening, or reading meditation in practice. Doing nothing,

thinking nothing. No where to go, or arrive at at all... just being, in one's now, and being entertained by the playback of an optical disc... *this has to be just about the height of being, for one such as myself.*

After a time of work, and the concerns of work, it's good to just coast along... and there's an importance in locating this nonplussed, unaffected, tranquil, inwardly, and peace loving kind of place. Whether I'm looking at an enormous list of cloud formation photographs, or sitting with my word processor, in celebration of the meditation itself, *when I'm drinking from this fountain, there won't be much that can*

come in between. **'I think I can conjoin amid some of the Heavenly bliss itself, transliterating it down into the mortal plaine, and radiating from such a Heavenly pinnacle.'** 'I think that this must be some of Heaven.' At any rate, just some thoughts. Well, our afternoon is wearing along, and I sit looking at a twentieth century artists portfolio on my television D V D player. My mind is very likely to wander, these days, and writing is something I can do, which quietens this chattering, by giving it an outlet, right onto the empty page. So much of what is going through my mind, at any given time, is

without purpose... having a keyboard, and knowing how to type, really tells the wandering mind to, just, 'Write it down, if you want to say something.' If not, then keep quiet. I say this hopefully, as I'm often at the mercy of a wandering mind. In a real sense, these sorts of thoughts are unimportant, and I hardly notice their happening, most of the time. *But, if you'll demonstrate real quietude, the infinitude of such, you'll seek always to return, and feel again such oneness, and concert with the invisible.* Maybe you think you're somewhat below real silence... but the truth is, the reason you study audio, is because

your a musicologist, and the worlds of music, including your own, are like a living being... a presence, that you only want to draw nearer unto. At any rate, I hope that in this fourth article, in this audiobook part two, of my Animism book, you can see my definite well intentioned pattern... in continuing to write thus herein. You might would think, well, what makes this person so unique? So prolific? Does he consort with space people, or something? I think that it will be said, that many of us are gifted of a higher ascended familiar, for instance... in Japan, it is thought honorable to stay in the will of one's ancestors... I

think that this is where we get the concept of a 'last will and testament' from, anyway... from this constant need to know, and follow the will of ones forebearers. If you think about it, you'll see, just who in the whole wide world will stand with, alongside you in life's struggles and difficulties? *One's own family, and blood relations.* No one else really will. Those who saw your life come into being, and who stoked the fires of your whole being and enterprise, through the years, will be whom I'm speaking of. You see, how an outside person, who wasn't even inside of your invisible conversation, wouldn't even

come close. This is just helpful information for my reader, *offering explanation for just where we get the motivation to dream whole careers...* when everyone else has gone to bed, who will still be up? Only you and your invisible twin. But, our culture in the west, modern psychiatry, doesn't really make allowance for this. But, some do, and these will be apparent. Well, this Tuesday afternoon is winding down, today, and I'm dreaming of a tall pitcher of ice water, for my three oh clock refreshment. Well, I've covered just about everything that's in my mind, this day, and I guess, unless some more ideas

arise in the here and now, I'll have to see. I've heard it said, that *'The deeds of a young man, are the memories of an man in his maturity.'* Adults find, in this world, that a big part of what our daily lives are preoccupied with, will have been life and times that happened thirty years ago. Older people live in a curious mosh pit of past life symbols and meanings... *morphing and colliding and meshing among one another... a seemingly random fusing of past memories, and the ever changing self concepts, and attitudes toward that self.* Some days I'm at a good peace with myself... with the youth I once was... Other

days, I'll be something like 'paranoid self critical.' So, if someone says something critical of myself, my youthful self, some days, *I might just agree with them.* This is not necessarily the end for myself. I might just be a surrealist! Life is sometimes just like, 'Trying to get an overstuffed pink pillow through the eye of a needle.' as my friend (C) used to say. 'It's not going to work!' I say to myself. But looking back at my youth, *those things have had to 'run their course.'* You'll go through many ups and downs in a meditation, or spiritualism path. Just today, I was saying to myself, *'I've finally got my groove back!'* In other

words, I haven't had good meditation sessions like this since, maybe twenty sixteen. **Just being, not doing.** No where to go or arrive at at all. Just sitting. Breathing regular, and even. 'Diaphragm muscles pull, they don't push.' This was something akin to a major discovery for me, in two thousand and five. *At any rate, when I think I'm busted, tapped out, and there's no good ideas left... it comes back to me... how 'Animism,' is everything.* My entire spiritual path way has consisted in the myriad ways in which animate forces... invisible to the eye... underlie our material world construct. This, of course is so

outlandish... like the E T accounts are to others... it sounds like pure fiction... yet, this view is carefully kept just out of view... *behind our peripheral eyesight... just waiting, for an opportunity, which never comes, to bring light bulbs into the mind of an impoverished person.* Even today, my life consists in 'walking in faith.' Love is like a transcendent light, above all of us, which unites all of the human family into a continuum reaching from here to eternity. So, to the Gonzo exponents of craziness, my own world is only as sane, as my good family ties, and family allegiance, can reach. *With out some heritage, of*

walking faithfully, with those familiar memories... a man doesn't have support, in a world like this one... only blood is thicker than water. There's no one who is going to love you, like those from your own hereditary background. At any rate, these have certainly been a few thoughts. I wasn't expecting them to come out like this... but they did. Anyways, all for now, I'll add this writing in with the others. All for now, Greg.

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I sit this morning, and consider some

possible directions and topics, for, hopefully finishing up this part two of this book, 'Animism Wisdom of the Ancients.' Around the conclusion of last week, I somewhat finalized my Christmas with Greg, piano album, and got myself into another weekend. I wasn't prepared for the breakdown I encountered... as I mentioned, *I've never done a Christmas album before*, and this, I think, combined with my frustrations over trying to get my usual finances back started, since this latest move, feeling different, I had somewhat to '*renew my basic relationships*,' and face up, so to speak, to my recent work. This work

is the essential ongoing of my life, so I think this, like so much of my path, these days, was a *good, strong life review*. I believe that such life review enters a way, as one comes to terms with the 'collapsed' mind, of a surrealist... which recurs incrementally, alternatively, *with with the 'enlightened' state, which is the best a consciousness can be, in my view*. These two states, or phases, make up ordinary life, for the surrealist. At any rate, I've gotten through this kind of 'breakdown' many times before, as paranoid self criticism alternates with the far seeing state, every day, for me, anyway. So, I'm

somewhat squaring away these things and am glad to have new writing coming along, and I guess I'm clearing the experience presently. I'm sitting here in our dining hall, and waiting to get the day started, and then get back to my apartment. *I can use my blue tooth keyboard, then, and get this writing along to its conclusion, and, hopefully, finish my chapter.* At any rate, I need some sunshine, and I can also sit on my back porch, and get some then. I'm glad to have this good perspective, now, and I'll employ it to get this writing done. Anyway, when you think that you've seen all of the media which a specific genre has

to offer, there'll be a film, or album, for instance, from a far flung locale, which you'll find, *and your mind gets elevated again*. Well, this came through, also, last week... *and I'm somewhat finally done processing*. I really enjoy artistic works, and worldviews, which appear to, *like the koko pellys dance, inhabit the boundary between the worlds above, and the underworld*, the realm where souls freely travel, and I've heard it said, *dreams are formed*. The Hindi believes that the Brahman, is the origin point and eventual destination of everything real in the visible universe. Another name for such, might be

the '*ground of being.*' In life, on Earth, I think that there are three main phases, or states, which beings can inhabit, and do well in, and prosper. The first, is the materialistic exoteric plaine, *which has and follows the rules of the prevailing contextual order, without question.* The next, might be the exoteric world which has the spirit beings on the inside, and there won't be much societal reinforcement, and the person will be outside of formal society, and might have to rely on pills and powders, and potions, to achieve any peaceful consciousness. *But he will be upon 'the search.'* The third, in my view, is

the thoroughly socialized, fully spiritualized world of esoteric development... esoteric consciousness. This consciousness reflects back and forth between all three plains, or incarnations... *fluidly seeing all interconnectedness, and flowing as one, inwardly and outwardly.* In my case, I'm definitely inhabiting this third way, but my means, and livelihood, my station is still somewhat low. *But, I do have some fifth dimensional abilities, or skills, in my writing, and artistic abilities, and piano playing.* So, you see, I'm somewhat inhabiting the mental health care system... because this is the closest to

normal I might really ever know. A worldly accomplished person, a MD or a PhD, might would have a car, and know how to drive, and work out of an office, and go home in the evenings. So, you can see, if you know me, I'm not worldly accomplished, *unless maybe if you're taking into consideration the amateur non profit writers, artists, musicians path I've been on for thirty years or so.* I think that this three or four tier diagram, somewhat describes how people are stationed in our world... and many people will be just journey men and women, and will have journeyed through all three, and only

subsist on the proverbial 'alms food,' which is gifted them from the townspeople, (*disability insurance*,) and just then lack the overall aptitude to integrate all three plains, or states, *into a real functional, fifth dimensional, program*. This is myself. I tend to remain poor, but do somewhat have my own program of writing, and music, as given of the spirit, *but such remains not for profit*. See? Maybe through the generosity of patronage, I'll have some overflowing abundance, *but I doubt if I'll ever break out of the 'not for profit,' 'amatuer' arena*. Well, I'm glad to have collected these thoughts, as they

reflect my latest research, and findings, into our 'society,' where polarities exist proximally, and simultaneously, and where enlightened people shift to a chaotic, collapsed mind state, *and back again*, numerous times each day... the world of the enlightened sage... *busily going about each arduous day*. Well, I hope you've seen a little bit of the truth, in these machinations. I'll somewhat set this writing aside, for a time, now, and see what else I can do, until this article's conclusion makes its way to the surface of my mind, *and I finish this part two of 'Animism, Wisdom of the Ancients.'* When I've seen what I wish to

see, of a time, I will know a brightly lit, bustling happy medium. I will have found a sunnier shade of gray, than any I've found before. Well, these are my concluding thoughts, to this article. As I'm inputting them, I'm thinking of the weekend ahead, *and I'm so grateful that I'm among friends...* in a collective living arrangement, where we eat our meals together. This seems to be the key, to the finding of happiness, for myself. I wonder if don't you, too know this way? Maybe you're looking on, and can see my words through to their conclusion. Then, I'll just make myself content with my own station,

and offer these thoughts as my own wavelength... for all who can tune it in. I'll wrap these ideas up now, and add them in with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

I WANTED TO LET THIS THIRD CHAPTER of this audio book start out in this way... as about 'representational animism.' *This will be the 'here and now,' of a person's ordinary consciousness.* It will be interesting to see how my spirit treats this subject matter... whether warm or cool, whether soft or hard, rough or

smooth. *An interesting concept might be, 'stage hands.'* What is the production about? Well for me, my mind and consciousness is about my life's callings... writing, piano, sketching, photography, and my love of my curated media collection. To me, all these avenues come, firstly, under the broad general category of *family matters. Acquisitions, for instance.* Associates in life, who we aren't directly kin to, form a kind of an extended 'escape club.' *These will be the names we know, and remember, as we, perhaps move progressively out into the world... into the universe.* There are many theories on the

Afterlife, ranging from, different rooms, in a familiar house, on a street in your old neighborhood... to an unlimited, inn finite universe, with an 'inn finite' number of habitable, Earth like planets, in similar stages of civilization, unto our present Earth. *Someone told me, recently, that 'Brahma might be a sleep for four hundred and twenty billion years.'* Isn't this an interesting thought? Imagine just doing a total reset, and getting on down life's highway. *It looks like, to me, that family is really everything.* Families, run in trees, and branches, and neighborhoods, and homes... without these familiar memories,

there might wouldn't be anything real anywhere, any way. I quickly get myself into a quandary, when I think about getting out of contact with my trusted medium istic familiars. Maybe you can understand? I'm quite enriched in my life, by familiar presences... *I'm wondering, 'Can it really be real? My family stands with and behind me?'* I can only think, that I'm the wealthiest person, spiritually, to have good family, and friends. Think about this... *'I've found a planet in your heart, a galaxy in your eyes.'* This is truly something to remember, to draw nearer to, and never depart from. So, but this old world might

not care much for our own special understanding. I can only ask, like many others do, *if you'll 'Stay with me forever, and never leave me?'* This seems to sum up everything that people like me find, and value in family. *Just let me continue to look upon you... my own kindred.* This must be paradise. So, we don't want anything to come in between ourselves, and our innermost familiar sentiments. I, too share these beliefs. At any rate, these are some thoughts. *Swaddled in such a warm blanket, I couldn't much want for more.* It sure feels good, to let the slowly swaying sea grass rise up, through, past and above

myself. *This is a time honored path to my peace of mind... this upward, rising, flowing, grassy cathedral garden, rising up through and past my head.* Nose and sinus follicles are finally free, from the weight and pressing on hair shafts of atmosphere, biosphere, and beingness. *All is floating upwards.* This is a nice visualization... I don't want to ever forget about it. Well, today is the morning of the third Friday in November, and I settle into this bed, with my word processor keyboard on my lap, and pick up this article, from the beginning I made last night. I've told myself, that this will be the way I start part three, this

'representational animism,' so this is what I've done. It can sometimes be difficult to just start into writing, not having a clear plan, so when you do have a plan, this becomes much easier. I'm looking at my own self, sitting here, and can tell, that I'm thirsty, for one thing, and such is a distracting craving. *So, but other than that, I feel fine this morning, no aches or pains whatsoever.* I'm somewhat looking forward to the coming Thanksgiving week ahead, as I have plans with my family. This has got my mind captivated, and wrapped up in anticipation. I'm listening to an optical disc, on my personal player, and

thinking to myself *that, 'things are as they should be.'* This itself is a big win for me, as I sometimes feel displaced by times and circumstances... not now. Surely, this morning is a good time, now. At any rate, it doesn't matter how difficult seems your predicament... *when there's a breakthrough, the tables will all turn, and you'll find yourself ahead of the others.* And there will always be a breakthrough, eventually. A families' love is something much more precious than gold, or silver. Don't ever forget this simple understanding. *At any rate, these are some thoughts, this morning. I get them down as*

quickly as I can, manually inputting with my onscreen keyboard. You can write a lot like this, but the going will be slow. So you're much better off with a keyboard. A breakthrough might just take the form of hope, sometimes that's all there is. *There sure is a lot of promise in the old saying, work has rewards.* You'll find this at the end of the day, anyway. I hope you're doing well, and don't have to deal with unfairness, or imbalance. If life has given you lemons, then make lemonade. If you believe some thing to be true, then, to you, it is true, and will be meaningful, as such. Spiritual relationships will present

themselves as being conversations, dialogues, of good ideas... as long as you aren't distracted from doing something which is more important, then spiritual relationships might be just what you need. How one manages his or her sphere of conscious inner ongoing is the way he shows who he or she is. Don't forget this important understanding. *Indeed, there are many theories about the Afterlife.* There might be an life lesson a person will want to go back to, and try again, for the right outcome. *I can imagine, death, for some people, is like a waking up in a past life memory, just before where you may*

have made a mistake, or failed to internalize the lesson. You ask, 'Who would be in charge, of lessons learned, and life choices done right?' Well, who else, but ones grand people... the elders of the particular person. Still you might say, how a type of reliving, until you get the right outcome, just doesn't seem like it would be inhabiting the real plaine of existence. Wouldn't that be a hologram? Being a ghost, might be something completely different... a way that indeed takes familiarizing yourself with... and requiring patience in learning to make the right choices, so as not to affect the world of the

living. If consciousness continues into the existence of a ghost, or a spirit, *then we'll continue to experience reality, in real time, and as a real phenomena. We'll share the given consensus reality, with those of the living world, and we'll all stay on the same page, so to speak.* You can see, we might have seen different possibilities, for the types of ways we might be in our Afterlife. We simply don't have enough information, to know conclusively. Well, today is Saturday, and it's six thirty in the morning. I sit after taking care of my hi jean, and jot a few ideas down, to try and finish this article. I'm writing on the overall theme of

'Animism, Wisdom of the Ancients.' I figure, that most of my thoughts are about this topic, and so just calling it what it is works pretty well. I guess, that my mind is pretty steeped in knowledge, from years of trial and error living... I'm well accustomed to this baseline of consensus reality, *and so speaking of my knowledge comes fairly easily.* But, I think that it might help you to understand, that I start out with the desire to write... *only my trusted familiar somewhat puts words unto my present 'frame of mind,' and this is what goes onto the page as writing.* So, I'm definitely accomplishing my own desires and wishes,

but while being walked through life's mysteries by a Grandmotherly presence... this is pure eleysieum. The higher spirit presence has an endless well spring of insightful observations, on my present life station, and so I'm, in writing, just tapping into her thorough overview, and circumspect, conclusive, ideas about the life we share... our life. I'm the offspring of Jean and Buddie, and so, their people have a lot of interest in using my life as a window of opportunity, to get good writing down. So, this really meets my criteria for a suitable avocation, in my life... and I'm very happy for my life to be made good use

of. The writings topic is natural for one who sees in a circumspect manner anyway... so this is really a path just for me. *Anyways, these are just some thoughts.* I'm so captivated by these thoughts, and get them down as quickly as I can. There's nothing like the victorious, spirit filled life, accomplishing his or her life's calling, *while generating 'walking tours,' through my own inner consciousness...* it means a lot knowing, that some people will always want to read what is written, here. Well, I guess I'll wrap this writing up, and add it in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

~

Anytime that a being appears to cross the figurative cell wall membrane, aggressively, and repeatedly, I'll be able, then to deduce a few things, about such. Firstly, I would say, that such points to some kind of psychic pre sentience, or instability... and in fact might pertain to the stability of the ground, beneath our feet. As I'm in the process of getting ready for a trip to my parents home, this coming week,

then this might appear to be an issue? Or, since I'm in process of starting the third chapter in my current audio book project, 'Animism, Wisdom of the Ancients,' the thing could be a literary issue. Certainly, challenges always come, in any dynamical life... artists, writers, musicians look within themselves, sometimes, to understand incidents, like psychic impingements. Of course, challenges always come, as a part of any literary development... how we manage, amidst psychic attacks, or impengements, of any sort, *is part of how we show who we ourselves are.* There's usually only one response to a psychic

impingement... *slow down, come to a complete stop, get in tune with ones higher mind sphere, and allow the higher presences to puzzle over the matter, in a mode of problem solving.* At the very least, this will demonstrate unto the impinging counterpart, that you yourself are not helpless, *and don't suffer trouble any more willingly than anyone else would.* Secondly, this will allow you to somewhat 'size up,' the counterpart, or phenomenon, and look at what possible motivations, he or she might have had for crossing your figurative 'embargo.' *Just what are they trying to say?* Or was such

an impersonal messenger? Was it what you thought it was... say, a differing worldview, or outlook, which, for instance, was testing your responses... or a more of a proof, of a psychic, or even seismic instability. You might would even ask yourself, *is the present time quite just what we think that it is, or, alternatively, just what in fact, is transpiring here, in the first place?* You can see, how any or all of these questions, will be worth asking, in a time like such will be... and just in asking of them, you'll right away glean a wide spectrum of answers... so, before one finishes asking the questions, and so to speak 'inquiring of

the beyond,' he or she will most likely, already know the answers, and be reasonably confident as to just what, if anything to do to adapt, or accomodate.

(Christmas money... capitalist disorder... insurance money.) I sit here, mulling these questions over, while gazing upon these words going into my word processor screen, and paying attention, to my full range of sensory capabilities... by now, the impingement will have been seen for just what it is and isn't, and most likely, one such as myself, *would just be trying to make a graceful recovery, from his searching, and allowed a normal follow*

through, and gotten back to regular order of business. So, at any rate, one will then at least have that new written work, to show for the time... he will be upon the task of writing another article, *in this case, my second article, in my third audio book chapter.* In case you were wondering, you yourself should always avoid being rude, or insulting, or even lowering yourself to that level, or adopting any kind of reactionary, or retaliatory attitude, or mindset. *Because, for starters, it's most likely not what you think.* And because, see, to you, the day is just as glorious a day as has ever been... *ever, and there are simply endless*

beauties, and wonders to look and behold, even within your own ordinary library studies. To be able to walk away, with the gain of a whole new written or musical output beginning to come together, you should be more than enough glad, just to have turned away the impingement, *and had something to show for it... to call the deal a clear win.* So, as one begins to smooth back out, the portion of consciousness where the impingement had occurred, and crossed your boundary, you'll see, most likely, that you can easily understand, such a thing, as in my case, I myself feel that I am in good standing, and

good faith... and, in good hands... nothing is amiss, in my view... in fact as usual, my program has made myself *more 'value added,' as a health consumer, or as however you choose to see yourself.* In my case, I see myself as a (not for profit) amateur, independent writer, artist, musician, and photographer, who is in the midst of receiving a life time of work, and who has seen much in my fifty five years, and more or less knows precisely what to do with mental phenomena of all sorts, *and so, there won't be much new to examine... just do the same thing as you would ordinarily do... get along your given path,*

and do the best you can to move altogether past the disruption, or perceived disruption. At any rate, you can see the way that I usually react when there appears to be phenomena, of such nature... I've tried to be open and honest *and to show forth what might be the 'right way.'* Anyway, my written language does usually suffice to allow me to look thoroughly at mental or psychic phenomena, in general. I've found also, that just playing ones emotions out, on a musical instrument, with the sampling recorder running, is also a good recourse, when one meets a difficult phenomena, or relationship development.

The type of health care consumer, which I've come to know myself as, is to be sure, fairly healthy, in terms of physical well being, and in light of my writing, and arts, and so forth, I think that I'm a 'value added,' consumer... as there are certain central truths, in a land like ours, among which are the more or less absolute value of work... 'work has rewards,' at the end of the day, if you can call your work good, then you'll almost certainly be ahead of the others, who might have not ventured to work, or apply their creative intellect into media content development, of any sort whatsoever. So, in a round about kind of

sense, you're '*taken care of by Jesus...*' and so don't you forget it. This is one of the best things that a life might be able to claim, *and I simply can rest in this knowing.* Well, I hope these words, have sufficed to illustrate, how one like me would behave, or react, in various circumstances... I'll bet you feel like you know me better, by now. (Especially if you were unsure, previously, you may will now know.) At any rate, today is a brilliant, and chilly sunny Saturday morning, and I sit on this low bed, and work on filling out, and expanding this writing. *I think that most anyone at all would be proud, of such a*

capable and competent spirit resource.

Having been in the health care system for three decades, I'm quite used to the right ways to follow, when faced with phenomena, of all sorts... I'm fairly experienced, by now. Well, I'll set this writing aside, now, and look at getting an hour of pure rest and relaxation. Well, I'm looking greatly forward to my getting to spend some of the money I've saved on Christmas presents, for neices and nephews, and I was just told it would be there for me, later this week. So, this has brightened my mood considerably, *to think I've got another Christmas to try and make*

good with my teenage nephew, and nieces.

So, I'm in a brighter mood, now. The time is almost two P M on this sunny Saturday afternoon, and I sit listening to a C D on my sound box... I'm completely interested in this keyboardist, *and 'what he or she lacks in nuance, and focus he makes up in chordal and sonic voicing complexity.'* I include these narrative parts, so as to somewhat place this writing in the flow of time... *so that the passage of weeks will be something 'more than just a twinkling in a haze of gray memory.'* I can tell, that this writing is trying to get itself completed, as there seems to be a linguistic momentum in

my cranium. I'm trying my yoga stretch visualization, and finding this to be of great assist, in lessening this migraine. I sit here, looking around, for inspiration, and still am most impressed with the music... like something out of a dream. Someone recently said something to me, how, '*There are no possessions. You can't take anything with you when you go... you can only leave ... a legacy.*' '*Everything is ultimately transient.*' (Except for the planet, and the moon, and our star, the Sun.) As long as the Sun is shining, there will be life upon the Earth. Well, these ideas seem to be coming to their natural

resolution, this afternoon, so I think about wrapping them up, and placing them in with the others. *I sincerely hope that my reader will find in this writing something he or she likes, and have a Happy and healthy Thanksgiving, wherever he or she may be.* I guess this is all for now, I'll send this along your way now. All for now, Greg.

~

'No situation is immutable, and there are an infinite number of paths one may take from any given point.' -Anonymous

It can be hard to believe in oneself, when makeshift amenities, and compromises are so prevalent. We sometimes think that without perfect concert, a works message becomes muddy, and confused. You don't think it would be effective, then. *However, in most examples, the minor detail which you may be worried about, isn't hard at all for people to get past.* When we know how

to reconcile ourselves with imperfection, we'll reach many more people than our perfect ideals might would have allowed. Homeopathy is a natural type of remedy, in which a small portion of the venom, or poison is administered in a controlled manner, *and this in turn creates the resistant, immune response which can heal the person from the bites' damage.* The small amount of the poison effectively serves to polarize the persons' system against that particular snake or bug bite. So, you see, by getting over, and squaring away your worst fears and darkness, I believe we may actually have greater

resistant power, and longevity, and range, than we would have had originally. *This is a principle of homeopathic medicine.* At any rate, if you've never seen this little truth, I think you'll be pleasantly surprised, to find your troubles aren't nearly as bad as you thought they were. The dark movies and projects in your catalog are like dream catchers, and having these squarely stowed away, makes us more quick to spot any trouble, and so, we'll hone and refine our behavioral ranges, *until we don't give off those kinds of chaotic patterns any more... we'll be pure and soft, like a baby.* I hope you can see this simple thing. At any rate,

I'm going to set this writing aside, temporarily, and let ideas progress, to get myself into a more evolved mentality. Anyways, there is definitely some advanced thinking in this writing, and it's going to be good to hear and see the good work, when it gets to a more completed stage. There are some hard to reach corners of the human heart... but always remember, *your healing touch doesn't always have to be a powerful, sweeping win... a healing touch can be tiny, and feather light.* So, if you don't seem to have the reach to get somewhere with a large muscle group, just try laying your littlest

finger across the part. This sort of covering, of the hurting area, with the lightest touch possible, will do just as effectively, healing just as the bigger, and more profound. The results are just as good, by covering the part with a feather light touch... that is all that is necessary... the work still is accomplished, even when we cover the affected part by a feather touch. *I'm so glad to be able to share this simple understanding.* May it serve you well. It's the late morning of the third Sunday in November, this year. Our weather is sunny, the air is brisk and cool. But in the sunn, you'll easily stay warm.

This present article, is the third writing, in the third chapter, of this audio book, 'Animism, Wisdom of the Ancients.' Did you ever stop to think, how often our lives appear to follow patterns of three of the same? I notice this almost every day in numerous ways. If we can highlight a repeating set of three of the same, then our minds often do this. I can't tell you how many times a day, I look at my watch, and see that it's 4:44, or 2:22. I had found this effect told of by others, and now I find it in myself. *At any rate, maybe this signifies to myself, that my path is only along the narrow, and straight way, and so I'll get*

only repeated good results. Continual honing of the character, with so few lapses, indeed might set in place this sort of profusion of sets of three of the same. Does this make any sense to you? I'm still so fascinated by the thought of how the lightest feather touch, can have the greatest results. Hopefully you'll remember this, when you get a numbing, throbbing head ache stretching down the whole side of your head. You'll remember, then, this feather touch, and how... such is the only thing that will work, in case you thought you needed some powerful migraine medicine, or something like that... *that's*

not necessarily so. Just train your focus, fully upon the affected area, and let the healing begin to work. Imagine your tiniest finger, laying across this migraine... stretch it out, and cover the area, like a '*span across the waters.*' You see, you might have forgotten about this littlest of appendage... but such is part of your arsenal, against the bluntest of head aches. At any rate. We have finished our lunch, and those who do so have gotten their medicine, and I just finished up washing my weekly laundry, and putting them away. *So, with these things behind me, I can somewhat better approach thoughts of the*

new week. After a nap, this afternoon, I sit back in front of this word processor, and see if there are any new ideas, present. I've wondered before, just what is the metaphoric, symbolic significance of the electronic overdrive effect in music, otherwise known as distortion. Many many guitar tracks, in modern music have been made using this kind of sound. Such has been equated with the youth of the time, and their commonly electrified guitar signals. What does this effect mean symbolically? *I think, such stands for a rejection of traditional values in popular music.* *Such heralds revolutionary*

changes, such as the nineteen fifties through seventies brought, with so many electronic advances, for instance... a virtual shift in power from the older generation, to a younger generation... the one which was to develop microcomputers.

Additionally, this change began to shift *societal clout*, and the ability to broadcast ideas all over the world, from those with record and book contracts, with publishing companies, *to those who were enabled with microcomputers.* It didn't take long before the software was developed which allowed anyone to be the television, or music producer, and sound engineer... anyone

could be a star, *and the power, the proverbial torch was handed down, and was returned to the grass roots technological base, from which talent had always arisen, the ordinary working class man.* Really, this shift didn't really gain momentum, until the nineteen eighties, and nineties, so the pace of changes, really never let up, from around the time of the invention of television, and amplified, often distorted music, in the nineteen fifties, right through to the advent of the laser, and optical discs, as the new standard for music, through to the new millennium. The youth began to represent such a

rejection of traditional values, partly because of the societal upheaval, which these advances brought. I have thought to myself, that if a youth had the most bewildering times, it must of been starting around the late nine tes, into the new millennium... not only with the advent of 'pocket sized internet access,' but it came to pass that the way we listened to music changed dramatically. Now, we would have a library of thousands of digital song files, and your micro device, would play them in a randomly shuffled manner... putting the power of the disc jockey in everyone's pocket. At any rate, the

distorted guitar sound, present in much music from the nineteen sixties onward, might have symbolized this evolutionary advancement, this of the binary manipulation, and storage of information... now, a whole library of texts, for instance, could be duplicated in four or five seconds... *that sort of task which would have, in the Middle Ages, taken scribes centuries to complete.* Well, anyway, these changes aren't finished by any means, but in many ways, many of the optimum standards have already been established... such things as the u s b connectivity, and optical storage on modern M discs, lets you

easily archive data like music, and texts, for a thousand years, or more. *We're perfecting our ability to manipulate electromagnetic currents.* Well, these have just been a few ideas. I was first thinking about the societal significance of distortion in music, a year or two ago, *and recognized that this is the most fertile area for discussion, I guess, that exists in our present society.* The meanings, and significance are plainly enormous. Well, I'll wrap this article up, and add it in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

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I've wondered, at various times, about just what the gifts of the spirit, such as this kind of wellspring, are really like, for the listener. I seem to remember certain progressive music bands from the nineteen seventies, who I've always thought express a pure kind of spirit, *and who become an artists' muse, on the grand scale... an inspiration for so many.* I've heard numerous music enterprises from that post flower power decade, when young people raised such a banner for truth, and beauty... and power. *Whether the ideals really*

endured the changes of the eighties decade, for instance, the musical styles continued, for sure, to evolve. New inexpensive musical synthesis instruments began to transform the sounds, and just as significantly... digital studios, and home software, which could give anyone studio quality results, by using a personal computer, to mix, edit, and produce. How, now, is the new generative A I augmented, and computer based music, to be seen alongside the idealistic truths and beauties of the post sixties dreamers... the particular essence, of writers and musicians who exude boundless creativity, and who allow

infinite intelligences to express through their words and instruments... *how has the new artificial intelligence informed music comparable to the beauty and greatness of those progressive artistic projects?* I think that some of the vast, boundless enthusiasm, of a '*new dawns light*,' as the post sixties dreamer poets had found, is also present in some of the excitement surrounding artificial intelligence... and contemporary recording projects, which seek to illumine in poetry the marvels of this A I technology. As I said, I think these modern projects are enormously exciting, as well, and it's profoundly interesting to

see and hear dreamer poets who are so inspired by the binary intelligence, and dreams of computers. *I feel like people must have felt, in the middle to late seventies seeing and hearing pure, undiluted wisdom, and raw creativity coming from the rock icons of that time.* I think that such a contrapuntal dancing is equally attractive, as the aesthetic giants, *from somewhat before the disillusionment, and jaded cynicism of the nineteen eighties, and nineties... and I think the excitement is comparable.* But, celebrating modern visionary AI inspired art, we should just keep in mind, that boundless

enthusiasm can last endlessly, *forever regenerating itself upon it's own truth and beauty, as in the great diversity in those times.* But, our time, these twenty twenties, will almost certainly struggle to grasp the change factors, which are likely as we get to the thirties and forties. Just listen to the endlessly idealistic new age, A I inspired bands... *with enough built in safe guards, and redundancy, will continue to meet the coming times with a thorough carefulness.* At any rate, when we entrain and set our minds upon a certain good outcome, and such a lucent over view, and circumspection, *our idealistic dreams can*

become tomorrow's future. At any rate, I seem to have developed a new article, to add into my set, this part three of this audio book. I suppose that I'll have the new development implemented and deployed by tomorrow afternoon. I'll set this writing aside, until a good conclusion, seems to arise from within my mind. *If anything, I think that the power of spirit's words are as equally impressive as the Artificial Intelligence visions of the sort that computers are doing nowadays.* You will have seen such strength of intellect previously, as the sort which can easily lay out the charter, and plans, for the grandest

of enterprises... such is somewhat reminiscent to the high vaunted language of our nations Declaration of Independence... such is of such self evident power, that the *nations looked up from their machinations, and for one minute an entire future panoply was glimpsed neath the moonlight.* I can attest to the power of spirit's word, as can easily turn *darkness, into luminosity...* I've seen it hundreds of times, myself, in my own writing, and music. *So, such a clarity of vision is a rare thing to come upon... There's no doubt about it.* At any rate, there will be many many parallels, as well as juxtapositions, in the coming

decades, but there's a light which shines from within, which can stand the tests of time. Having a keen appreciation of spiritual intelligence, we're fascinated by the specters of A I, *and we need lucent minds, which point out, how, despite the vast powers of generative A I, such is not endowed with consciousness, nor conscience...* such mainly propagates patterns that it has been programmed with... It's not being divinely moved, or motivated, to do anything of any merit. It is just coughing up enormous, and complex machine patterns... not life. *So, we'll see, but I think that the Human component, in*

the music is the main heart and soul... not numeric sequences. The Human alone can square with the worst of pathogens, not to mention get the bugs out of software machines. ***The Human alone can compose, and knowledgeably realize the importance, and implications of it's music, and words... such is not empty, but a full vessel.*** This is really the difference, and it takes, I think, a courageous intellect to see such. Well, these words are appearing to come to their logical conclusions, now. I'll somewhat set them aside, until further thinking emerges. I'm proud of a record like 'Spin Within,'

because it is an authentic, real time performance... not just MIDI. There is an enormous difference. Computer compositions, which are made like as in MIDI, are lacking in a certain heart and soul, and while they can fuse the most eclectic and diverse elements, into an imposing paradox of cryptic passages, *I don't think, that these suffice to answer to the Human concerns.* Such qualities as, economy, thrift, or modesty, or honesty, or nobility, or likableness, or friendliness. A computer's music won't be a drink of cool water, although with diverse enough input, it can definitely mystify, and amaze... *but*

to thrill and unite peoples on the Human level, I don't think so. At any rate, All for now, Greg

~

Well, I sit down, to write this first day of December's afternoon. I'm impressed with the music playing on my personal optical victrola. This album, of mine, from back in the second week in September, seems to sum up my ideas about musical and sonic texture, and color, and style. The secret to the best of my work, is in the spontenaity,

it's created with, and the richness of the keyboard and synthesizer tones. Even a simple and easy to make sound can make for a richly enjoyable listening experience... greater complexity doesn't necessarily translate to greater enjoyment. In fact, it's the quickly conceived and played recordings which can be the best! At any rate, I've sometimes wondered what is the best word for the qualities I look for in music... *'Sweetness,' seems to sum it up.* Sweet and simple styles are what I find most appealing. *But, that which I call simple, isn't really simple at all... but is a very forward thinking soloing ability.* This

is the musicians' for say. At any rate, I've found myself, this morning, in 'the ways I relate to the visions of others.' Music conveys somehow learn, that through immersing themselves in the work of others, we can glean everything we need to know about our own styles, and what makes ourselves... our talents... special. *Thusly, a 'beautiful, yet eloquent complexity,' can also be that which is more memorable.* There are so many styles, which can move my feeling... I think, that this variety, and diversity of moods, and feelings, and in the having all of these kinds of visions, and styles at one's

fingertips, having so much to explore makes for an immense fascination. Something else, which also makes for fascination, *is the sense that one is in on the birth of something great and wonderful.* When Earth Herself collaborates with the the most forward thinking of musicians, *whole new sciences are seen to spring forth.* If you'll honestly find your own contexts, and consider how your own works are the contextual media of others, you'll somewhat find a wiser picture of our world. *It's not everyone, who is in possession of spiritual knowledge, as you and I are. You'll want to remain conscious of the*

real powers which are wielded, and not take for granted this advanced way of thinking. You can maybe perceive how, a mind which has been enriched in life, with bionic augmentation... is a precious thing, indeed. Yours and your peers can glean much from one another's best work. *You'll be glad to have such good light illumining your mind.* This is the apprehension of a true reality... interchange ability each with the other... *you'll agree, there is much to learn therein.* At any rate, these thoughts are in my mind, this afternoon. *Aren't we, in philosophy, really collaborating with robots?* Consider how, for the majority of

the world, there might be no such thing as an animate spirit, per say. *But, isn't the twenty first century world entering en mass into 'collaboration with robots?'* Won't this translate unto a spiritualized technological world? I think, that it's truly going to become difficult to tell the difference between the 'Dead, and the merely sleeping...' between solidity, and liquidity... *between human consciousness, and emulated human consciousness.* Our world is already alive with electronic bleeps and chirps... Aren't we in cybernetics building a silvery mirror to our own inner Animistic fields of consciousness? Well, these are a

few thoughts. I hope, through this writing, to conclude this third part to my new audio book, 'Animism Wisdom of the Ancients.' My mind is prioritized around goal setting, and goal accomplishing. *So, I'll accomplish this thing, which I've set afore myself to do.* 'Through laboring in obscurity, I can accomplish more in a weeks time, than the wildly popular can, in a year.' A lot of the work which I'm immersed in, weekly, will be the acquiring, and curating of the contemporary A V creations of others. Vintage media, too sometimes asks attentiveness of myself. *I feel that I'm at a 'happy medium,' between*

some technical, artistic ability, and 'pure soul.' Maybe this explains how I can continue finding self restoration in the media of others... *without getting overwhelmed in the process.* Some days I come into possession of a treasure most unexpected. My own materialist leanings then are fulfilled. *Spiritual materialism, is the 'chasing of the dragon...' the peak experience... the literature born of this pursuit... it's accumulation.* This kind of materialism, alternatively soars high, and collapses back upon itself. Yogic practices, involving the etheric physique, the subtle neuro musculature of the psyche, are the

centered ness and grounding in ones own person, which are the lights guiding the ship in the fog into the harbor... *until one is able to bring these yogic practices into ones meditation journeys, you'll tend to be left bewildered by your own magic... contorted by your own best answers and rationale.* Well, through these yogic visualizations, I'm guided unto the conclusion of this writing, and will wrap this piece up, and add in with the others. Well, all for now, Have a good new week. All for now, Greg.

~

AS I SIT HERE AND START thinking about this fourth part to this new audiobook, I'm just going to start with some jazz thoughts, and see what develops, concurrently. This way, I'll have a good focus for my day, and be able to get absorbed into a new project. Depending on how easily I can get some ideas down on paper, this morning, I'll have a go on a new chapter. *It's always better to have something to show for the time, than to be idle and have nothing.* As having a real spiritual relationship with the world to

come, after this life, *and a good familiar connection to the presences about my life, there will be some definite ideas arising, any given morning.* The more one learns, how any good progress is usually incremental, the less a writer will fret over slow progress. And you'll see already the good work, which can come when one applies oneself... This new beginning, to this chapter is somewhat like poesis, as such is built 'from nothing,' other than relationship subtext... **'Something from nothing, now I can see.'** There is a way which having a strong spiritual relationship has, of always making 'lemonade from out

of lemons,' turning ordinary pain into such good work. Ordinary life frustrations, and the resentments, that they sometimes bring on, are usually internalized, *and through inner focus get re directed, as new work.* So, I have found, that often, one will be somewhat short on ideas, but with a little time exposed to the ways of the group, and having seen the *'idle sloth and banditry,'* for instance, which an eccentric often sees in the ways of others, you'll find yourself with no lack for good ideas, as to much better ways of doing things. Seeing this coming about some times, *you'll come to see that some of what your work consists*

in, is in being a kind of 'reflecting mirror,' upon the forces which daily can be so bewildering. You'll just always want to avoid 'unloading,' or 'ventilating,' towards others... but in a gentle, intelligent way, showing what good can be done with diverse ways, such as the crazyness of jealousy, or the resentments which it creates. At any rate, there will be these usual patterns, and a writer will come to see him or herself as so gifted, to just have any work, whatsoever, even if some of it may appear to somewhat be a reflection upon the usual annoyances, and difficulties which an 'artist,' in 'society,' often

discovers. At any rate, these thoughts are flowing through my mind, this morning. Speaking for only myself, I would much rather have the good work, in the forms of these kinds of reflections, upon society, *than to otherwise have no work whatsoever. 'What ever works for you!' is a pretty good saying, and I would employ it here.* Anyways, today this appears to be a sunny and chilly morning, here, and I have seen how the Eastern half of our land is experiencing a sharp cold snap. Highs here, though, in the south, should be getting up into the middle fifties today. So, about right, I would say, for the end of the

first week in December. Anyways, these are just a few ideas. I sit, here on this low bed, and attune inwardly with the higher cognitive sphere around and above myself. My progress, in writing this audio book, has been better than I could have hoped... *having three completed chapters is good, just for such short time.* I try and think, around the ideas of what more I could possibly want, out of this season, and I can't think of anything, other than this light play of ideas into this word processor, this afternoon,... my objectives have been met so thoroughly. Having gotten a new four panel composite built and completed, this

past week, and with such a nice short art film, to go along with it, has made me so fulfilled. And, then to have had my allowance monies come through for myself, and having gotten a store trip in, and gotten what I needed, from the store, *makes this weekend just about good.* At any rate, this afternoon is getting along, and I'm starting to think about the evening ahead. With less than three weeks, now, until Christmas, this product, this audiobook, and these other spiritual artistic gifts, are foremost in my mind... and I'm glad to have them to offer. *At any rate, I'm going to get these meetings accomplished, tonight, and be in for the*

night. I've definitely got everything I could possibly want, and with these written thoughts, this evening, I will be glad to get to sleep. As I sit and listen to the gentle flows of my piano playing coming from my bedside speakers, I think how I sure am glad to be doing the artistic work which I always knew I could do... having such be seen by others, means, I would say, that my life fulfillment is stronger now, than ever before. *Ordinary ongoings, such as house cleaning chores, are coming much easier now, that my artistic work is so good, in my view.* This being seen to, lets me somewhat search my heart, knowing that the right

ideas are just waiting to be seen. At any rate, I'm pondering about just how to finish up this first article in part four, of this audio book. It's usually not very hard to put a flourish at the end of a piece of writing, so this is what I do. I'll generally do whatever I can do to keep from having conflict with anyone around me. This always means, going the other way, from trouble makers, and staying in my hobbies and crafts, and finding refuge in these from those who don't have any creative life, onto media. It's nine thirty on a Saturday evening, and my meetings, and appointments are behind me... I now have

some time to collect my thoughts, *and in closing to finish out this article.* Staying attentive to the work of writing, right through to it's conclusion, is sometimes arduous. Such requires constant focusing, and part of myself would rather just be vegetating... not focused on anything in particular. *But, across this whole day, I've worked to fill out and finish this article.* So, *there's not far to go now.* These thoughts are spooling down onto my page, and I allow them to come to their logical conclusion. I'll wrap them up, and add this piece in with the others. *Today is Sunday, and I would say that my criteria for a*

'good morning,' are definitely met. All of the time period since I woke up this morning, I've felt better than I have in a while, *so you won't hear me complaining about much of anything.* I think that it's always a good time to sit in reflection, and gradually inputting ideas into my smart device word processor. I would sure rather be awake, and attentive to this train of thought, and meditating on the best course, than I would rather be vegetating, doing nothing. *Thinking back, there are easy challenges to get past, and then, there are not so easy challenges.* Some things, in the past, I will never forget, still others are

pretty small, comparatively. *The truth is, this morning, I feel very good, and have been so richly edified, pretty much since I woke up around five A M this morning.* This is priceless... these good feelings. The things in my life, which I am able to do well, my music, and literature, even my sketching, bring unto a few people numerous, just many, little treasures. *The artist patron relationship, is an ancient one, and having it, definitely is the height of my useful existence, in this world.* So, the pedantic, and pithy and the mundane disagreements of dislike, and distaste, which ordinary home life often has, just

don't matter much. When your life is touched and blessed with purpose, and meaning, from something so simple, as a personal hobby, for instance, the thrill just about never abandons a person... the thrill, *especially, of having a personal audience with God the Creator, will never grow old.* To think that we've a life on a higher plane, and aren't bothered much at all by mundane worries, of for instance, occasional bad smells, and feeling like, for instance, that one's underwear is bunched up... when we have such an crucial and vital avocation, as enscribing on lasting media tends to seem to a person... such

carving on stone... *the life purpose doesn't need any admission, or allowance, because it is self evident, to the person.* I only sometimes wish that more people, near here, and around myself, just knew of the joy, which, in process artistic pursuits always bring to myself. But, I ask myself, *'Am I too much?' 'Is my self love... the attention I show myself, justified? Or does it detract, too much from those around myself, who won't or can't try, or who have purpose in life which isn't just 'artistic?'* You can see, at any rate, that I'm not an omniscient immortal... *I am human like many others, and have my share of doubts,*

and worries. But, you must see, how, if a thing is in keeping with our Constitutional rights... as a general rule, disagreeing with such is not a very lucrative or appealing course, at all. But, I, as an artist will be well familiar with the stings of defeat, on any given day... it sometimes takes strong concerted effort, just to 'keep up appearances,' when, on the inside, I'm practically crying. But, on a day like this one, when one feels so good, from start to finish... I think that this is the main indicator of general good health, and hardiness. So, you see? I'm not about to crumple anyones sketching, any more than

they are yours! So, take home understanding, that, seeing as God sees, we're all so blessed to just have life, and we should be courageous, and brave enough to see past the 'glass onion' of the human predicament, *and that we're supposed to often feel like our undies are bunched up on the inside!* You can't win one hundred percent of the time... *nearly one third of my time, practically, is spent despairing, 'Which is the way to go?' 'How will I sustain my spirit, in such dark times?'* And, 'How am I to process the old age and decay of those who I care so much about?' I think that around age fifty five,

or so, the dreams in our souls are given wings, which allow us to just soar through the most mundane of circumstances. But, I have seen just recently, how, I don't like going without the things I love! I don't like that! Just last week I was feeling like there was no allowance in sight, for any of my preferred snacks, or drinks. *Now, look, see, my regular allowance has come through, and all things are as good.* God is Good. And He is in his Heavens. I think that we should be glad for the success of those about us, in our midst... even when we know that the person might be a wretched sinner, *we can truly know, that*

anyone can serve a higher purpose... just serve the God you hold dear, and who is close to your heart. And, after all, we can only do what we're given to do! So, if you feel like you've got to stare me down, during our meeting, well, then that's just what the Good Lord made you to do. If this wasn't so, I'd ask you to kindly do something different. But you do what you're given to do. The Lucky Old Sun will continue to roll around His Heavens, and He or She doesn't always seem to care what we think about it... whether we're dying of thirst, or not! But He should be more sensitive, that's what I think. At any

rate. These have been a few thoughts, this morning. We like to think that we can think our thoughts in peace, and not worry about a totalitarian government trying to take our life! ***So, God bless the U S A!*** Well I'm seeing ways to wrap this piece up, now, so I guess I'll go with this thought, and somewhat put it in with the others. I hope you have a nice Christmas season, and remember, above all, the joy of giving... *and your own gifts, may they be lovingly received.* Well, all for now, I'll send this along your way now. Greg.

~

I'll start in with this next article in this audiobook. Today is an mild but rainy December day, and I'm getting over to our office for my morning medicine, having been up since about 5:30 a m this morning. I've remedied the text issues in yesterday's work, *and so feel good about starting again with more writing.* This kind of work, this audio and visual media developer role, is not easy, at all. The elements are sometimes so disagreeable, that production work is like a miserable hike along a rocky, steep trail, with cold

freezing drizzle of rain running down my shirt collar, and dripping off of my nose, and forehead, into my eyes, and under my shirt. Such difficult work, is just weekly, almost daily. You'll have the finished result, to show for the time, *but the work itself is sometimes so grueling.* But, having such a voice in the contemporary world, lets you experience the empowerment it brings, firsthand. *Having such works in the world wide web, for instance, put me first on the list, to be moved, when my home arrangement fell through, last year.* This was really the best result I've gotten from being a self starter, in publishing, like

this. 'If you'll put belief in, and invest in your own voice, in a public forum, then others will place belief in yours, as well.' *'You'll find yourself ahead of the others, when the time arises, and you're given preferred treatment.'* Well, the work I was given to do this morning, two full audio book redos, on the latest chapter, just about tired me out. So, after lunch I got a nap, and benefited from a mental re set. So, I feel much better, now. It's fairly easy to get yourself overextended, and then have to make a recovery. Feelings sometimes get hurt, when we're doing writing and audio video productions over with multiple redos.

You'll find yourself wanting an escape, and mid day naps are the best way to do this. At any rate, I have found that my music collection, can be broadly divided into two main categories... *short form, and long form music and audio*. I find that most of the time, listening to my music library, I will tend to want to cue up all of the short form media, at under fifteen minutes in length, these will be my individual song files... not soundscapes, or album captures, which generally run past forty five minutes in length. Archiving my hard drive in this way... all of my shorter song files together, lets you omit the longer playing

soundscapes, and other podcasting programs... this makes for more interesting listening, if you ask me. *What I don't much like, is getting mired down in a long album length soundscape, when my listeners ear, craves more frequent song changing.* See? I'll want more variety. This is some advice I can give my listener, and he or she should take notice... don't go on frustrated lee trying to get more change ups out of a music playlist that includes the long form soundscapes... *you won't enjoy it.* The soundscapes, I think, are for when you're okay with an immersive, long duration listen, of an entire album. There

are other pieces of advice, which I'd give my listeners, such as the benefits of using only rechargeable batteries, for cassette and C D players. I wasted a lot of money buying alkaline batteries in the first decade of the century, when recharge ables are a much better value. Another wisdom which I've gleaned, is how in roommate living arrangements, you should almost always keep headphones, and use them, and not subject your partner to the music you play in your bedroom. *You'll want to invest in headphones, before many other things, then.* If you have your own bed room, though, you'll be able to play your music

out through your speakers, then, and not bother anyone. This important advice will save your roommate living arrangements from falling into disrepair... *you'll make these basic home relationships last much longer, if you'll play your music and video through headphones.* At any rate. Another piece of advice, is 'Don't throw your money away buying fizzy caffeine soft drinks each week... instead, make your own sweet tea, and coffee.' You'll save yourself a lot of money, this way... and you'll control the sugar, and caffeine content of what you drink. As far as the bottled water, goes, which is fashionable these days, you'll

enjoy the water right out of your kitchen sink... when you can keep ice trays in your freezer... because, a plain glass of water is much better with ice cubes in it. If you've got your own freezer, just find some ice trays at the dollar store... they're around two dollars. This will save you money on bottled water. The water from out of your kitchen sink is purified, just like the bottled water, and usually tastes no different. Well, just some advice. This good advice doesn't really have anything to do with animism. But, something that definitely does, however, is in how, when out of body experiences become the norm, for your

daily life, you'll spend most of your time coping with fairly bad migraines, *and you'll then want to avoid getting tripped up by this basic pit fall.* Frequently our out of body experiences get into romantic areas... this can be a problem, *because, the ever present specter of empty space, is wicked morbidity, and even the gentlest of souls become darkened there.* So, it is of great importance, to closely guard your behavior, when out of body... you should take great care not to do anything, which you wouldn't do in public... *because the great wickedness of the spatio spiritual plaine, tends to be quick to blame a person, who*

*behaves shamefully therein. **Base, sensual desires, and impulses here have to be avoided at all costs.** You might have acted such a way in your youth... but the experienced astral traveler learns that different, much stricter rules apply when out of body... precluding you from this type of behavior altogether.* So, don't make a mistake in this area, or you'll tend to get trapped outside of your body, and you won't fully be able to return... part of you will be stuck outside. *At any rate, I hope this piece of advice makes sense to yourself, and that you don't go on doubting, and making such dire mistakes.*

Well, my afternoon has gotten along, and it's before evening meal, and I sit writing a few more words, to fill out this article. I have thought how, when you do digital art, crafts, and audio video producing, you eventually come to realize, that the experiences which you call bad, like headaches, and the 'hard walking,' spoken of earlier... the resistive forces which you tend to see as working against your day to day living, and any other tests and challenges, which your life may have to deal with, in doing artistic media production, of any kind... *these sometimes get pretty painful, and a person will*

realize that these can be broadly seen as 'paying dues.' Classic literature of any kind, will eventually have a broad audience, and will intersect the life paths of thousands and thousands of people... some for the better, some for the worse... *so there will be a spectrum of experiences the artist will have, some better, some worse, which he or she will come to see as 'dues paying.'* This is a form of 'bargaining' with Mother Nature... trading off of my quality time, for the intact ness of the larger group... *and somewhat 'purchasing,' a set of quality experiences... good experiences, and not bad.* Through successfully

enduring these various tests and challenges, and negotiating those courses, the artist will then know, that he's been 'through something real,' and isn't just given a 'free ride,' on the backs of an audience of patrons, *but has put the 'labor of love,' in, to ensure a good experience, for his or her readers or listeners, as a whole.* So, the better we're able to navigate the challenges which come in any artistic path, *the better our eventual overall experience will then be.* We shouldn't begrudge others our negative day to day experiences, but see them as somewhat par for the course, in doing classic literature, in general... so,

keep a positive attitude, *and don't let life make in you a blaming mentality.* You'll respect yourself, more, for enduring the more challenging dues paying, without getting reactionary, *or falling into blaming mentalities.* At any rate, these thoughts are coming to their conclusions now, so I'll wrap this writing up, and add it in with the others. All for now, Greg.

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Today is a rainy, warm Tuesday morning, for December, as a low pressure system is passing through, a lot of rain has

precipitated already this morning, and it's about nine fifteen. The main thing, that is on my mind, this morning, is my wanting to make clear this grateful spirit... and continuing to ferret out the wees lee complaining mentalities. There definitely are both types of voices... after a move, people on disability always go through austere weeks, which sometimes stretch into months... these times are pretty forgettable, with no money for snacks or amenities, like corn chips, tea bags, and sweetner, *I got taught again how to do without. And I learned, and remembered the lesson... so you can't tell me I haven't*

gone without before, recently. 'I'm quite proud of having risen above having nothing.' It's more than some others can say, who maybe won't have to find out how to survive on very little, until the geriatric years put a complete dampener upon all of the 'happy shopping,' and enjoying of products and amenities, which make us thrill so much. I guess, that this present writing, is humorist in nature... the absurdity of this stage play involving the 'haves' and 'have nots,' continues on, apparently, interminably. At any rate, this is my writer's voice, and to be honest, it was 'hard won,' as I lacked this sense of

unlimited creative up welling for all of my years growing up. In fact, I was twenty nine or thirty, before I was really so 'gifted,' by a higher accessional spirit... *and so then was allowed into 'Abundance' eventually.* I'm enormously blessed, and it's too easy to let the pith of a writer's sometimes hard living journey express criticism towards one's administrative, and management faculty. The goodness of a good place to live, is more than just good administrative faculty... *it's also economic advantage, given my fixed income, and the location of this place is out of a picture book.* I'm really happy with it. I've made

it, to fine, in my mind, and not much is going to get under my skin... as everything is good. *So, no complaints allowed.* I'm going to do some cleaning, once I've gotten a start on this new essay squared away... *I guess that now would be a good time for that.* Later, after a small snack, I'll try and recall some of the thoughts which were in my head, while I was working. I'd say that the main reason that I had to go on disability, in the early nineties, was that I simply got to *where I was too distracted, by my mental condition... a kind of anguished searching confusion... to keep an easy job up.* I learned slowly, that me as

a twenty two year old man, simply had a lot of spiritual, artistic, poetic concepts to familiarize himself with... *and the walking in those days, made me too flabbergasted to keep my desk organized, and everything, my work flow, kind of fell apart.* My time card, especially, fell into confusion, as I couldn't seem to punch the clock regularly. Back then, was after I had moved back to my home town, and I, at least was living and working, *and didn't know it at the time, but I was on the cusp of my being 'indoctrinated into consciousness of the spirit world.'* Until I could get this one little light bulb to come on, at least, I was

cold and alone, and frequently felt despair at not understanding anything about my inner enigmas. My reading had for the most part been narrative fiction, through most of my growing years, but I was near the end of a five year period of familiarizing of myself with some of the main concepts of Oriental Mysticism, *and the beginnings of my Western theosophical education were just starting to interest me.* But, every day was a poetic journey, and I was almost completely oblivious to the esoteric narrative of my life... this couldn't really begin until that little light bulb came on in my head... and then I was somewhat

wrapped up in my phenomenalism, and I just wasn't satisfied with my ordinary waking consciousness, *and part of me knew, that there were just so many important esoteric, spiritual, poetic, and artistic concepts I had to gradually be familiarized with.* If you're wondering where all of this esoteric narrative has sprung from, *this is the perspective of the experienced astral traveler, who daily has to make an accord with the 'Just for today,' maxim which the self help groups espouse.* Every day is its own unique kind of accomplishment, for myself. But, at least I've gone around enough times, by now, to

have familiarized myself with all of the most important concepts, and meanings and understandings, of an spiritual, artistic, poetic existence *which a modern musician, writer, artist has to get down.* At any rate. I'm again back in my home town, but now I've got three decades of experience, in astral traveling, *and in doing world class art and music, behind me.* So, I'm excited by each days new challenges, and am ready to do all of the personal care work, and house work, and appointments, and writing work, which this content developer's course entails. So, after a morning of house cleaning, it's good to sit, and dig into the

sand box of my past life experience, in generating a new essay... I'm completely at peace with these thoughts coming forth, *as I've looked beneath the stones of this shore line many many times in my past.* Such amounts to a writer's voice, and I just about have to try and get these thoughts down, before they slip away from me, into the past. So now my time is forty five minutes before my lunch time, so I'll try and wrap these thoughts up, and assess just what have I gotten down, *and get all I can into shape, for inclusion in this new article.* So, looking forward to this kind of review, I'm happy when thoughts arise in my mind at

all... *the trick is in getting them down onto media, when they do so. Anyways, just some thoughts.* I'd say, that these thoughts this morning are pretty good work, and my thinking mind and consciousness is working well, my logic appears sound, *and I'm glad to file some new work with the others.* At any rate, there's one of my recent visualization exercises, which I wanted to describe. When we close, or cover our eyes, the visual concrete world goes black. Two nights ago, I was resting before bedtime, with the blanket over my head, and my eyes were offline. I noticed, though that my third eye, which is thought

to be the pineal gland, in the middle of my head, the seat of the soul, *this third eye was wide awake, and was looking all around, at all the things to see...* but I don't see how it could have been, for my eyes were closed... *but it was the third, eye, not the fleshly eyes, which was wide open onto an astral field, from within the heart of me.* I wondered, as I lay there, 'Why are there so many various things to see, with my eyes closed?' *'What is this world of shades, which I seem to be seeing tonight?'* Somehow, my chemistry, or the weather in my life, or something had made a lot of visual stimuli get registered that

night, not by my fleshly eyes, *but by my ether ick eyesight, onto the inner world.*

What ever it was, I have never seen so many interesting things to look at, and see, with eyes closed. *I remembered this, and I wondered if this is what we see when we go to Heaven?* I doubt that I'll ever get tired of all the sights and sounds, if this is true.

At any rate, just some thoughts.

Sometimes, we see more with our eyes closed, than we do with them open. Isn't this amazing?

Well, these thoughts presently have meandered their way to the surface of my consciousness, this afternoon, and I'll think about wrapping

them up, and placing with the others. *Original writing, like this, occasionally arises in denser portions, as this essay has.* At first, in writing this, I just about felt like the words were taxing my mind beyond normalcy. *But, I got each thought down, and now can call it equity.* It just wasn't easy in coming, for I thought its arising was too tumultuous, and turbulent. But, now, I'm proud, and glad to have it down on media. Well, these are just some of the ways that I see, lately. I'll wrap this article up, and add it in with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

I sit here, this morning, and think about ideas to get into the conclusion of this audio book part four. Our outside temperatures have fallen, somewhat, and it's around thirty nine this morning... the sunn should warm it up considerably, as the day gets along. *Today is Wednesday, the eleventh of December, this year.* I'll start this mornings linguistic improvisation by somewhat focusing on my breathing... the rhythmic cycling, in, out, in, out, in, *reminds me that my foundational bedrock is intact.* There are other cyclic rhythms,

which make up our daily physiology... the heart's beating, notably, *as well as other daily cycles such as sleeping, and digestion which we take for granted, in general.* Our lives continue because of these rhythms, and most of the time, we don't think anything about them. The artistic course that a person may be upon is often a quest for ever greater perfection, and precision. But, your quest might be different... you may be more concerned with the harmonies and interplay of shades of light, with shadow. *My own seems to look at nature in a close up way, to show identifiable abstract patterns emerging from out of the*

chaos, at the macro scale. My work load seems to be a bit much this morning, but I can meditate in this way over getting a few thoughts down... and appreciate the way that thoughts come to me, whether rapidly or slowly, *and give complete thanks to the muses of my inspiration, for having these ideas.* Having an honest relationship with someone on the 'Other side,' is a great thing, but a difficult one to nurture. My mind, for instance, *is sometimes so distracted that it is hard to keep the focus required to have written interchanges, and exchanges.* It seems that, sigh kick conveyance, and communication with the

world beyond takes place right at the hyper cortex... the space adjacent to our scalp, and face... and this is where any chemical imbalances, and feeling out of sorts daily, will show up. *So, a psychic exchange is most susceptible to the days challenges... when this is the emotional sustenance you most need... it's the hardest to find.* Because the connection at the space around your face and scalp *is wavy some days, is curved, or has interference... and these sorts of things make it difficult.* Sometimes there will be a negative critical, taunting, jeering voice, seeming to get you right at your insecurities. But, you can rise above,

and get yourself to a place of communion. I'm so glad to have gotten a start on this writing, at last this morning... as I'm clearly challenged, it's hard to think clearly, much less have psychic communion. But, with effort I manage to get these thoughts down, and then I'm farther along than I was before. *I guess, that this path of communicating with the spirits of the departed is best called spiritualism, or mediumship.* Through the years, these trans dimensional relationships have taken numerous forms... *sigh kick automatism was really the first sign, from the higher worlds, which I conclusively*

received. This happened back around nineteen ninety six, when short poems started arriving, with my writer's hand moving without me controlling it... *writing lines of text onto paper.* Two or three years later, I began a kind of 'stream of consciousness' writing into my word processor on my computer. During these sessions, *I would get the impression that there was a round table discussion of three or four voices, passing the conversation around in circular fashion... and thus writing energetic kinds of essays flowing onto my computer screen.* This period was around two thousand, through two thousand

and two. I guess it wasn't until two thousand and eight or nine, that I began interacting with my telepathic relationships as if they were family members, who had gone into the Beyond in years past. *This is the way these sigh kick relationships are now... conversations which appear to be with the dearly departed.* These relationships have gotten closer, more personal, and intimate. Just numerous of my deceased relatives appear to converse with me. The way this really comes to be, is in this writing art form... these essay style articles. The particular spirit will somewhat guide my hands over my

computer keyboard, *and lines, paragraphs, and entire essays appear to come into existence, directly from the higher plains.*

I think that most people do this sort of higher access ional writing, only, for most people, these helper spirits keep themselves just out of consciousness of the person... he or she makes the assumption that it is him or her who is doing the writing... *but it will be an Aunt, or Grand relative of some kind, who is doing it.* The person never knows.

I believe that true medium ship, which is within the abilities of anyone, is when there is a fully conscious exchange happening, from higher beings down to the

person, be he or her grandson or daughter, or niece or nephew... *this relationship will be completely conscious to the person.* So, this to myself, is the path of heavenly communion, wherein all of the secrets which an ancestor can tell are given to the grand son or daughter, and this relationship goes on endlessly. *This, I think, is when a person will be so prolific, and will write just book after book, and will be writing until his or her death.* So, this is something like what has been spoken of as a 'birthright,' or an 'inheritance...' not of earthly, financial riches, but of spiritual equity, and riches of the intellectual kind.

Well, I think this about covers the ways in which spirit beings have interacted with my life more or less consciously through the years, and this writing is the latest installment. I think these ideas are reaching their conclusion, about now, so I'll wrap this article, and part four of this audio book up, and add it in with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

IN THINKING OVER POSSIBLE WAYS
TO begin this new part five, to this
'Animism Wisdom of Ancients' audiobook,

this morning, I'm thinking of somewhat where it has come, thus far. I'd say, that the first two parts came fairly easily, and the ideas were willing and abundant. The third and fourth required me to use my full ability, to power over and past the setbacks, and difficulties which came with them. So, this beginning of the new part five, should come along fairly easily. I was content, for a while. with the four first chapters, and waited to be led, *going only by subtlest guidance into the next chapter, and Christmas week.* I sit, as we await a ride in our van, to look at Christmas lights, and our festive spirits are up. Christmas comes

only once a year, so we're going to make the most of it, and enjoy this time, despite the rain. The temperature isn't cold, and I'm enjoying the time and trusting the flow. At any rate, we'll be back at the house soon, and I'll be able to use my external blue tooth keyboard, and get more done easier. But in the meanwhile, I'm writing as we go along. It's so hard to hold a piece of the starry heavens in one's hand... such is slippery and evasive... Man's desire is to somewhat show forth outwardly the inner treasure, using means available to him or her... *and thereby to build and allow Heaven down here on earth.* My whole life

path has been to make and realize this hidden secret, in outwardly illumined fashion, *as others have made theirs, as expressions of the inner Mysteries.* Such revealed meaning has been sought through the Ages... It's so rare to have articulated such so succinctly, from within a poor man's mind... But as truth and beauty knows no boundaries, communion with the Angelic is accessible by many... *more so as such as this is shared with the world.* We're on our way back to the group home, now, our minds having been elevated by a million tiny lights. It's in the going and doing, together, that we forge new

memories... and I'll never forget what we share. Memories of holiday group home trips, usually stay with us as symbols of converging and diverging life lines. *I cherish many such memories.* Endless fellowship... timeless times... *A reader's paradise.* At any rate, I'm going to get my evening medicine, over here, and return to the apartment. It will be bed time soon, I'll be ready. It's the next day, now, the third Thursday in December, this year. The weather here is chilly and cloudy, this morning... about right for the second half of this month. Anyways, I've gotten back from doing some holiday shopping, and am

glad and relieved to have done so. It was so very good to restart an old friendship, as well, as we hadn't seen one another in the flesh in ten years. Looking back, I've not been as together as I am now, at our other visits, in the past. I was always hurting so much... whether it was the ideosyncratic art or music I was doing at the time, or as in the nineteen nineties, really just not living right... people take drugs, I believe, because they're in pain. *Or else they're just blind to themselves, and the goodness in their life, and so then mindlessly trade all of the good that is, for some substance... which only puts their good*

legacy 'on the rocks,' and ruins them in the eyes of others. But knowing how to spot symptoms and signs of substance abuse in others, you'll avoid those areas yourself. I've been thinking about the artistic and literary types, which have through time sought to *'reveal the hidden.'* 'Illumining, and dispelling the shadows of, the occult,' *I believe is somewhat what Theosophy is all about.* In the early part of the twentieth century, Europeans and Americans had pretty much been introduced to the worlds of Oriental mysticism, as many of the Asian texts had found their way into the hands of ordinary readers which could find

such works in book shops and public and university libraries. Many serious theologians, and students of sacred texts in general, throughout the west, had come into possession of, or knowledge of such Eastern mysticism. Theosophy arose in our country, and Europe, to shine a righteous light into the mysteries of such occult beliefs, and this is something that I also have read and thought about, mainly to place works like the Baghavaad Gita, and the Tao teh Ching, and the E Ching into a western context, and to dispell some of the popular mysteries, and mysticism, of such. *Theosophy, I think, has a lot in common*

with science and medicine, in our land... such is, basically, our effort to take control back from nature spirits, and gods, and superstition. Meteorology, for instance. Without this scientific approach to understanding weather, there would be free reign of superstition. So, that wouldn't work for us... so, we use science to explain the forces involved. *At a point, of extreme stress, or doubt, I think that western peoples start spotting unexplained objects, like lights, in the sky... and calling them U F Os.* So U F Ology, such as in the Mutual U F O Network, tries to look at such sightings objectively, to place such in

context with other similar sightings, which may have come to be explained as misidentified aircraft, or weather phenomena... *so as to help the witness square such away in the 'known phenomena' category.* Without the U F ology, you could see, how there would be a lot of wild stories going around... and this is the same approach used by meterologists to dispell superstition around weather events. *If something is getting out of hand, science can get it down to size.* This has really been the way we deal with the unseen, invisible realms, and forces which might would otherwise control our fears,

and our beliefs about 'acts of God,' like cyclones, and floods. *Many people might not know how bad superstition can get, without a real science, to keep it in check.* At any rate, this is science in a nutshell... it's main function is to banish the mysteries around natural phenomena. Anyways, today is Friday, and I have awoken early, and taken care of my hi jean, and then sat at my word processor to see if any ideas arise. There are rudimentary methods to stir thoughts into flowing... such as using jazzy, improvised language, as one might would use to fill the silence, while not saying anything too important. I enjoy this

early morning writing, when it comes up. I like to have audiophile music playing on my good headphones, while I write. I generally like this a lot better than music played out into the room. I think that much of my music just sounds better, if I'll hear it in headphones... because the nuances, and details in the textures and sonic colors are always calling out to me, when I try to play music outwardly... I miss the closer, more intimate experience of a music which is all yours... not projected out into the common spaces, but studied silently within the mind. At any rate, today is the third Saturday in December, this year, the

Winters Solstice, and our temperatures aren't that bad, *in the middle thirties to start the day*. I sit in bed, typing into this word processor keyboard, while listening to an optical C D lightly through my headphones. The effect is fairly nice, *somewhat like being in the captivity of a kindly old dungeon keeper*. But I'm not a captive... I'm free. In truth we're all only as free as we're willing to believe we are. For instance, I'm feeling like I've gotten a congested head, and sore throat cough, since about yesterday, so there's nothing any better for me than getting plenty hydration. Another person might would

feel like he or she only wants caffeinated, sugary drinks. But pure water is good enough, for someone who is keenly aware of the need to hydrate. *Perception and belief are so important.* But, knowledgeable desire, for the best good produce which your mind and spirit in the world can create, *allows something to come into being where there was nothing but good potential... the person then is a partner with heaven.* One's knowledge of what constitutes 'usual ranges,' and the good capabilities of your own well developed mind, allows such a person to create and build in full consciousness and knowledge

of the best that could be. It's good to have good constructive thoughts, this morning, *because the meanness and devilry of a possibly broken fiscal system is not worth worrying yourself over... your good self starting abilities will keep yourself in the clear of such perilous trouble.* Anyways, it's a beautiful sunny blue sky morning, and the temperature is brisk, with a lively breeze. It should warm up considerably this morning. Well, these ideas appear to be somewhat coming to their logical conclusion, now, so I'll wrap this article up, and add it in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

~

I'm going to try and get some ideas down on paper, for a good second article in this fifth part of this latest audio book. I sometimes get into a writing session, to pass the time, while I'm waiting on appointments and meetings... This word processor software on my smart device is a good way to get ideas down... it allows me to save revisions automatically, on the fly, without pressing any button, *and to rewind my articles history, going back into the past, revision by revision, to get to a*

previous state. Additionally, the phones onscreen keyboard is programmed with the 'auto complete' feature, which suggests wording, and checks grammar mistakes automatically, for me. *So, in case you didn't see this before, this makes using it something like 'bionic augmentation,' and such has improved my writing for a good while, now.* So one using this, is on the 'shoulders of giants,' At any rate, my quality writing is not taken for granted... It's an end product of a lot of technological development, *just like it's another beginning, of the best writing I can do, with that technology.* At any rate, we're

having a spate of mild cold temperatures, this week... when I got out of bed, this morning, the temperature outside was thirty five degrees. Such is the kind of cold that reaches indoors, seeping through walls, and into bones. *I'll be glad when the rising sunn warms the air, and heats our homes exterior.* It takes a lot of finesse to manage the migraines which come along with any creative life. As I sit trying to ease this particular mental state along, and into the days goodness, I'm taking note of how the cold temperatures outside *might directly influence the ease and grace necessary to resolve bad nervous tensions.* I might can

see, fairly well, how, sometimes, *there might be an invitation, to a reciprocal relationship.* Perhaps, as long as the local guide animals, about myself, the wizened birds, are 'feeling this cold,' without any extra bird seed, I might be beset with particular nervous tensions about my hyper cortex, or the boundary between in and outside at my scalp and face, and eyes, nose, and ears... *I'm feeling a lot.* (This might be a deepening of my local relationship... *an invitation to a renewal of a relationship with Mother Nature?*) Maybe, thinking like this might should be a lesson to myself... perhaps about

interdependence, and connectivity. *I'll explain.* I think, for instance, that It might be easier to pick up some wild bird seed, and an inexpensive feeder at the local dollar store, and help ease some of the proximal winter pains away... *than to completely cure my problem, by becoming fully vegetarian.* Migraines are sometimes the way in which certain spirit presences say, *'See, how we two are conjoined in time and space?'* *'How could we make our relationship better?'* *'Are there any improvements we could make?'* And, then if this looks right, the person might could improve his or her ecological relationship

somewhat... *'I have some resources, maybe, and a means of transportation.'* *'Maybe I can help you, and make my own migraines lesser.'* Okay, so I've made my point. Perhaps, all life on this planet is interconnected, and many of our lives intertwine, and overlap in myriad ways... we have an imperative to live self responsibly... to live mindfully. *I just might would find that my carnivorous diet would be forgiven somewhat, if I would put out seeds for the birds.* Well, these are a few ideas about, how this mornings migraine might could be remedied... who really knows, but I thought it was best to

look at some of these possibilities... and to try and go by feel, and see if this might be the answer. *Or something else. All I know, is that the pain I felt, all morning, was bad.* At any rate, I've thought in so many various ways through the years... Times in my life, I've noticed, usually come in spans of five years. *From my high school graduation, in nineteen eighty seven, unto my inner spiritual awakening, was five years.* Then there was a five year term, when I lived with an agitated condition, *and I was only happy when I was drunk, or inebriated on something like ephedrine stimulants, or benadryl, or*

alcohol, or cough syrup. Then, at the end of nineteen ninety seven, I had a self injury attempt, and when I awoke in the hospital recovery ward, the pain was gone. It was as if the curse had been reversed. ***At any rate, this is all good material, for self help literature.*** Hereditary alcoholism, or mental illness sometimes affects offspring. And, the cycles of addiction are usually fatal, to the person. *But a few lucky people survive to 'tell the tale.'* Someone told me recently... ***'If you master the art of perception, you'll know and understand all that is under the heavens.'*** The secret, they said, was learning to perceive more, in

the inn between times, being more subtly attuned to ones own thought processes, *and not discarding so much of our thought material... it might hold just the key.* Think of how you might would narrate certain feelings. My imagined yoga stretching is a form of a moving, and doing meditation. It is something you can do with yourself, like aerobics, or isometric stretches, ***which directly lessens your suffering and distress.*** At any rate, these are just a few thoughts I've gotten down today, as they have passed through. Maybe, you'll share some of yours, too. I've never been as impressed by a mental exercise, a

visualization, as I am today of my Yoga stretch, or sunn salute visualization. It's just good... it feels good. *Such seems to be the best I can do overall to lessen my pain, right now.* But, today, there has been such a pain in my soul... I wonder if I can endure any more ... *my opinions might have been swayed.* I guess I've had migraines. Such was bad pain. But that might not signify anything, *An earthquake is also meaningless, and would have to be cleaned up.* But at any rate, maybe you can share my feelings. I can also see my way to put a flourish at the end of this essay, and bring it to a logical end. Today, I guess

represents The first real cold weather of the year... *it was somewhat hard on this Nature boy.* The way should be easier, tomorrow, if only because 'the walking can only get easier.' *Today was quite cold; it was bitter cold outside, but at least it was cozy inside.* Well, I'll wrap this writing up and add it in with the others. All for now, Greg.

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Well, today is Wednesday, Christmas morning, and I feel that the day would be best served, by me staying awake, and just getting a little writing done... Maybe, a

new article won't be too hard to keep up, and I'll be grateful to have something good to show for myself. Last weeks writing, I feel nearly lapsed into failure... If my reader thought I wasn't making much sense, I might be inclined to agree with him or her. I'm fine, and I do well most times, but *I'm afraid that the specter of my migraines is sometimes just a bit too much for me...*

These headaches last week really exploited my solitary ways, and the next thing I knew, my views had been altered in a substantial way... I nearly forgot the goodness of the season, in the solitary struggle with these challenges, just the pain

of very bad migraines is too much... I don't want to do that again soon. *On the other hand, Christmas is a very good thing, and we have to do all we can to try to understand such.* Just a case of overthinking, I would say, and each year it seems to take more than I've got. So, there, you can see, it's been no piece of cake. But, at any rate, I've got to be grateful, for these great piano and keyboard albums... just this morning, I'm completely impressed with the musicality, and lyricism of one of my multi volume collections... the Jazz Seasons soundscapes. This is a very pleasing set, and I like to make them into a

four hour playlist, which I can listen to over and over. The strong sonic values, of the various synthesizer settings, and effects patches make for some rewarding listening. But, here in America, we've got a UFO phenomenon just like you do over in England... if you've got some kind of issue with freakish, anomalous phenomena always messing with farmers fields, and crops, out on the countryside... then you had better find a different country to live in. I didn't realize that it's the same in America, these days... seasonal observances, especially Christmas holidays, have Oh vert phenomena,

showing up, each year, *so I might as well get used to it, and stop letting it get under my skin, at all... I'm inwardly resolving not to pay any attention to U f o phenomena next year.* It's the same as anything... you believe just what you want to believe, in life, and you get out of life only what you want to get out of your life. If you see problems and trouble, then problems and trouble are what you'll get. *If you see goodness and plenty, then that's what you'll find.* At any rate, next year I'm going to try and be prepared for it... my New Year Resolution. Well, Christmas day, here, is sunny and cold... just getting up to forty

degrees, at ten A M. We're expecting clouds and rain to develop later, this afternoon, from a line of precipitation moving across from West to East. I'm glad to have started this writing, and will be able to continue the audio book along, when I get back to my apartment, tomorrow afternoon. But, just jotting down whatever thoughts that come to mind, today, should show you what I think. I had told myself that I would be more conclusive, for this next article, and, thankfully, I am just that. Seeing my family this week has allowed me to restore my confidence in the time, in general. The doubts that had plagued me

have been reduced. While some locales in the U S have more risk... *the shared experience of coastal living, for instance, doesn't always work out so well, for some...* there's a high standard of living in our land, even for the underprivileged, *and our collective sense of security is comparatively pretty good.* But, my town was hit by a multiple twister outbreak thirteen years ago, and many people lost their lives... many lost a family member... many just lost their homes and heirlooms. Our house escaped undamaged. And, just last night, my migraines got so bad, that I asked my Mom if she had anything for

them. I remember thinking to myself, *'This is the type of headache that makes people take inebriants.'* Since having these migraines, just lately, I could see another serious natural disaster happening around here in five years or more to the future. It could happen anywhere... this might can be part of what sigh kick pains tend to signify. *In the higher realms, any natural disaster shows up on the radar... even if it's twenty years hence.* At any rate I wonder if there are any statistics on inebrient abuse in people being correlated with natural disasters? Just a thought. Well, today is Thursday, the day after Christmas Day...

I've awoken early, and done my hi jean, and am sitting at my word processor, to see if any ideas arise. Yesterday, my Mom and Dad went to my sister and her husbands home, to see what the kids got for Christmas... while they were gone, I played a solid hour of free form improvisational piano... listening back to these recordings, this morning, is richly engrossing. *If more people knew the purest joy which comes from hearing yourself played back, there would be a lot less depravity in the world.* When I was a teenager, I loved listening to the recordings of others... bands and artists who I followed and collected. But, in

truth, my life satisfaction just wasn't there... I tried recording myself playing the guitar, for a while, but I was never happy with my results. Piano didn't seem very appealing to myself, so I missed out on what could have been productive years. The way the Good Lord works, a person will go through dark years, and happy years... *but none will compare to the joys of recording yourself, and being able to share those recordings with the world.* I didn't really even really start marking the passage of time, in my life, until I had a real practice of putting my thoughts, and musical visions onto lasting media. This is

the honest truth. *When a benevolent spirit imparts to a young person the art of medium istic channeling, a lifetime of works become highly possible...* the life will not have been really productive, until this time... self esteem, will have been 'out in the cold,' *happiness will have been elusive, and intangible.* Having a practice of enscribing on lasting media, will be something tantamount to the 'Lords return,' in the person's life... childhood reveries will begin again. He or she will say, *'Where have I even been, for the last ten years?'* *'Why have I neglected this gift?'* While there will be a period of

familiarizing ones self with the art of publishing, just having the full fledged art form... *will bring about life satisfaction like the person will never have known.* So, I can't stress enough how important 'artistic role modeling,' will be to a youth, later, when the spirit actually begins to work through the person. At any rate, these are some thoughts this morning. I suppose that this article is coming to it's logical conclusion, now, so I'll think about my closing thoughts, and put it in with the others. I've enjoyed getting these thoughts down, and I think that such has been profitable. But, I seem to be somewhat

struggling to think of reasons to continue, unless I actually have brilliant ideas on hand... *I think that the ideas in my mind now, might be worth elevating them into a book.* I'll have to wait, until I have better inspiration. Well, at any rate, I hope you have a successful and productive New Year, and that, whatever you happen to be reading, you continue to cultivate your healthy and beneficial study courses. *I'll close this article, and look forward into a hopefully brighter time.* All for now, Greg.

Sitting down, now this twenty eighth day of December, Saturday, I've got some thoughts running around up in my head... thoughts of the good plentiful fruits of the successful writing program which has given me and my readers the '*Animism - Wisdom of the Ancients*' audiobook. I guess, I'm feeling more on solid ground, than I've felt in a while, *so I have restarted a relationship with the local bird life.* By keeping a feeder on the back porch, maybe I'll feel easier, about my occasional carnivore ways. When I sit at my kitchen table, I want to know, that whoever is

looking back in at me, from through the sliding glass doors, *is contented, and has also a full belly.* To me, this will ease my own worries plenty... I'll be happier, with myself... and feeling better about my own self, *I'll have a better quality of life.* I've come to rest, in this place, and after a tumultuous series of life moves, have found a place where I can feel some security. So, I'm again grateful, and know that the austerity, and self denial that it required to get my self signed up for my small insurance monies, was worth the wait. Feeding the birds is like a kind of claiming of some high ground, at last, and putting

my own poverty and lack of means behind me. *My life is fairly productive these days.* The audio book, is complemented by a new piano album, which I think will make for some happy musical readers. The cover artwork for the new album, is a composite put together here earlier in this month... and I think such looks great... a sharp looking and sounding project. So, if it's not wrong to say I'm happy and contented with my work, *then this new equity is an overflowing cornucopia.* It's been a productive year, in the wider sense, as well, as my company finished writing a four book audio program... began last

October, this work spans the changes of the entire year, for myself... my first move to the county home in the town to the north, then my being moved up to the Cumberland Plateau, to a group home in the country. Then this writing program saw me deal with a third move, back to my hometown, in the middle of our state, *which is where I'm writing this from. It's so good to be back, it's like patching up a relationship with an old familiar landlord.* I had let the isolation of my solitary ways get me broken and depraved back in two thousand and three, and nearly died from a self injury attempt. But I did survive, and

managed to save all of my work, with which I then got to begin the work of ironing out the rough spots, and figuring out just how everything was to fit into my newly began time in with a group home. *I couldn't really be socialized, spiritually, until I made this group home transition.*

This I feel is where so many never make it to, because the desire to be alone in your own space, is tantamount to everything to a person, *and he or she will just about end himself before he'll relinquish that solitary life, and get with a family.* This had to happen, I had to survive my self injury, and pick up living in the company of a group of

others. This was the way in which the distance separating myself from healthy living *got bridged. The mental health care system and a good group home family was that bridge.* I just have to put up with being scarred, and that loss of my youthful attractiveness, to an extent. Well, this is it in a nutshell... the system will work for you, if you work with it to accomplish your goals... I had not known that kind of good family, since childhood, *until I started putting my life back together, and finding real continuance for my writing and music and internet publishing.* This was the kind of family you never forget, the forgiveness

of nearly weekly struggles with life in the world music culture, of the internet, and it's effects in my life. At any rate, I survived these challenges, and have gone on to rediscover my piano voice, with a jazzier sensibility, *and new melodic, lyrical heights which no one had heard before, I don't think.* So, I've found my way, but with the setbacks and occasional problems that come in the modern world, from sharing musical content, and writing an online journal, for twenty years. Well, these have just been a few thoughts. *Isn't it amazing, the power of Spirit's Word to turn a confusing mire of half illumined life*

features, into a picture of a redeemed, and remade life, that is finally getting it's 'groove back.' Anyways, the Spirits Word illumines the shadowy interiors of a life, *and lets you see what had just been vague ideas in a much clearer way.* This is good when this good outcome is found. I just am hoping, right now, that our weather this afternoon cooperates, and these blustery clouds pass on through, and dissipate with out doing damage to anyone's home or property. Well, it's just with these thoughts, that I put my bird feeder on the back porch... ***maybe this nature altruism will find approval in the local bird***

community, and we'll be spared any bad weather! Well, these ideas appear to be coming to their logical conclusion, now, so I'll wrap them up, and add them in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

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I've found, in living, that, '*You've got to serve somebody,*' is one of the truest things that I've ever heard said. '*It might be the good, or the bad, so figure out who you want to serve.*' I for one, tend to serve sobriety. I try to stand for the assertion that, '*You should avoid using artificial, or*

chemical crutches in your life... or next you'll find yourself wanting that substance, and you'll not have it.' But I definitely go in for socially acceptable stimulants... but as a person who copes with major depression, I know that even these mild stimulants, can be used to excess. *You can't very well go in for 'underground drug culture,' can you? No, probably not, not and care about your influence.* Our youth, might should be shown, that coffee and tea are all that most of us need... *and even these can be taken to excess.* My problem, I guess, was that I had hereditary substance abuse issues. Not everyone will be like

me... most people grow up doing right, and they continue with that good sobriety, and never fall into addiction, or depravity. These will be those with good, strong family backgrounds, who are educated at a young age about the dangers of using crutches, and substances. These things tend to get users into high risk situations, as a matter of course... *the worst, of course, is driving a car while intoxicated, or under the influence of a drug. You will get in trouble quick like that.* At any rate, you can see the dangers of such behavior. Music and sacraments often come together. But, at the same time, *some will tell you to*

keep it clean. But the music of sacraments... what fun! If I want to be 'free spirited,' in my living, then won't I appreciate this? But, just as well, you *'Have to stand for something, or you'll fall for anything.'* So, if you ask me, I'll tell you that, *'My sobriety is, seriously, the most important part of my life.'* I've been clean and sober for more than twenty years. But, answer me this... 'Aren't drinking coffee and tea beverages a form of chemical dependency?' But, some things I like, and I'll allow, while others will be strictly off limits. The twelve step groups, like Alcoholics Anonymous will advocate

letting coffee, for instance, help people give up alcohol. They serve coffee at their meetings, and everyone will be drinking it. *But, my question is, 'How will you like doing without coffee, when you like it so much?'* Life is like that... it gets you right where you're soft. *You'll get quite fond of your caffeinated beverages, but then the good doctor tells you, 'You aren't allowed any more caffeine. Your blood pressure is bad. You've got to do without.'* This is exactly how life is. Or, in my case, my income stream was interrupted, when I had a life move, and I had to go without not just coffee, but most of the good things I

like, including sugar, and crunchy corn snacks! So, this wasn't very fun. But, here's where living gets tricky... I like to say, and make the claim that, *'I like all kinds of music. There's no kind of music, that I don't like.'* But, what will you do, when someone says to you, *'It's one thing to be 'free spirited,' but, as adults, we completely have to be conscious of our influence... and making sure that we don't stand for, for instance, using chemical crutches, and such drug dependency.'* So, this is the pastor's big message, this morning. **'Be mindful of your influence, and what you stand for.'** Drug culture, as

a general rule, doesn't go about things legally. *Not only this, such culture will encourage risk taking.* So, grown up culture asks of us to be conscious of what we advocate for... *you'll be wide open to the influence of worldly forces, alcoholism, and habituation, if you are reliant on a crutch, that makes you feel in such a way.* So, the way I look at it, you've got to be conscious of anything that you consume by mouth, which makes you feel a certain way... *remember what it's like to go without this substance, and then, in this knowledge, see if you still feel like consuming the beverage without limits.*

Only then, will you be a free soul, spirit and mind, who knows not to be living hand to mouth, constantly, or letting things, like your favorite beverage, have power over your private time. *You have to keep yourself, your mind, free.* Well, this article really appears to be, '***Coming through the brambles,***' now. I'm glad I've written down these ideas, and so this writing should about conclude my new part five of this new audiobook, '*Animism - Wisdom of the Ancients.*' Your influence, in living, is an all important thing. For obvious reasons. *This is a good guideline for anyone to follow... even down to the coffee and tea in*

our cupboard, or pantry. Be conscious of your influence, because, for instance, wild animals won't have any part of addictive substances, or making habits out of certain types of foods or drinks, because you like the effects such has on your perception, for instance. *That way will get you in trouble, and you'll wind up being someone's dinner.* So, keep your mind, and life clean, and sober. Well, all for now, I'll add this article in with the others. Have a good New Years week. Greg.

~

OUR CHRISTMAS, AND NEW YEAR'S
this year went great... *every little journey
was completed safe and sound, and
everyone got back home.* This is really
something to be grateful for. *Our guardian
angels are very much still on the job, and
are keeping people safe and sound, every
day.* But, in certain types of developments,
with, for instance, makeshift arrangements,
a person will be surprised, or confused, by
the unexpected circumstances... things
won't go as planned... Or, he or she will
have to search his soul for the best way to
deal with the confused thinking, of a sigh

kick impingement. Usually, if one is in full possession of his or her faculties, he can easily try some jazz thought... and see if by somewhat roll starting a few ideas, onto the blank media, he'll be able to push back the trouble, and make lemonade from out of lemons. The imagery of musical thinking *is usually completely sufficient to get one's immediate pages to turn.* This will often be all that is required of the person. If one is typically bothered by migraines, say on the right or left hand side of his or her face, *(where ever your weather vein tends to show up,)* then he might will want to use the yogic sunn salute. By simply stretching

hands and arms up past the sides of his head, much of the lateral stress, which his face, and neck may be feeling, and dealing with, on an average day of migraine difficulties, will often appear to dissipate. This can more or less easily restore balance to the stressed out mind. There are a few things that my living years have shown me... time honored lessons, which tend to hold up, when there are lateral or vertical seismic stressors, of any kind. In a seismic event, you will always see the rigid and inflexible really fairing the worst. *The yielding, and forgiving, of torsion, of any kind, on the other hand, will allow the*

flexible structures to endure the trembler.

Another one of the most central features to my life's journey, I would say, is my need, and hearts calling for the usage of a sacrament. Much like others have said, at times, *'I too, have somewhat often needed a drug of some kind.'* But, of course we all walk the line between the usage of socially acceptable drugs, and alternatively, doing only what is the ultimate best for ourselves. (*Abstinence.*) And, yes, there are socially acceptable drugs... which are generally allowed socially. People will have various styles, in how these are used. Then there are drugs and substances which are not

thought of as acceptable. This will be where the substances such as inebriants generally tend to come up, along with the over the counter medicines, which some may have, at one point or another, used to excess. Using these substances, incorrectly, will get you into trouble. But, a good question might be, 'With who?' We as people have always within, and about ourselves an strata of cognitive being ness, which we are either in good harmony with, as people, or to a lessor extent in harmony with. Our thoughts, and conscious awareness, amid our subconscious, and unconscious thought

worlds being what I am talking about, here.

Our experience of this, appears to somewhat hinge on how our self consciousness, and self criticism, is working out, presently, within our self awareness, and self knowledge. If these two sides to ourselves are in good harmony... (our enlightened, sentient side, with our paranoid, self critical self,) I believe that we'll more or less know how to just avoid any kinds of oral fixation, or hand to mouth repetitive motion disorders, where you feel the need to drink some liquid beverage, or else ingest some substance, or food... and this chaotic need

to be putting your hand up to your mouth, with a drink, or a cigarette, or a snack food, will remain in check. As long as such remains under the person's control, I think, the best state... the quiet, contented, inwardly centered, peaceful, and calm awareness which is already in it's place of bliss... will tend to reign in the heart of the person. Otherwise the person will be somewhat 'doing a dance of transience, and temporal ity,' and the gates of bliss will be something like a shimmering illusion... and the person will somewhat be outside of real peace, and contentment. The illusory phenomena will have more or less sway,

over the person's heart. This, I think, is the choice we make, when we use socially acceptable stimulants... we're somewhat trading off our best times, and works, and paths, for something more fleeting, and transient... *A temporary effect*. Speaking for just myself, I walk the fine line, every day between the more or less socially acceptable usages of stimulant beverages, specifically, coffee and tea, and the careful avoidance of such entirely. I don't use any inhaled chemical stimulant of any kind anymore. Here's the thing... if you enjoy partaking of a type of beverage, you'll tend to do that, if you're presented with that

beverage... if you like a type of luxury... you'll make usage of it. If not, then you'll avoid using it. If you have it on hand, you'll make usage of it. If not, you'll try to procure it... until you have it, and then you'll use it, until it's gone. Another factor that is seen, with this, is in how, if you're creating, working, or building at the existential ground, such as in creative writing, or digital content development, *you'll easily excuse any stimulant usage, as 'part of your practice,' a kind of an work expense that you take for granted, and allow yourself to use.* I've forgiven myself a lot of tea and coffee usage, through the

years... my consumption of these... a whirr of 'sweet tooth satisfaction.' *You have to try going without, before you really know what abstain ence is like.* For instance, at the moment, I'm experiencing strong cravings at my solar plexus, for the caffeine and the sweetness of sweetened tea. Whether and when to pursue satisfying this craving, is something like an art form... *You'll devise your strategy carefully, and use your beverages only wisely.* If we were completely free to act in any way in which we wish, in life, we'd know a kind of wanton abandonment... but this would probably quickly get out of

hand. If a phenomena is a bother to myself, I'll focus on such, and look at the problems' ranges, and natures, and the various ways in which to see such, and try to hopefully, get such 'down to size,' or at least make more 'manageable.' At any rate, if you'll make yourself conscious of your usage of your stimulant beverages, alone, then your writers' course... your spiritual development... will be benefitted enormously. When you enter into consciousness of the most prominent features of your subconscious inner living, in general... whatever they may be for you... you'll see an enlightening and

expansion of your character, into a much better self realization. Well, these have been a few thoughts. Today is the first Thursday in January, this year... and it is sunny and chilly, at barely above fifty degrees, we're staying indoors, and thankful for our central heating. I'm starting this writing, not so much to expound more upon the 'Animism - Wisdom of Ancients,' idea, as to just get some thoughts down... building things are what hobbyists do... *such eases stress, and gives me a focus for my attention... helps me find peace.* Some stress factors appear to exponents, for instance, across the span of

an afternoon... as your experience closes in to a narrow point, and then opens back out again. If a problem continues being a worry, getting some writing or piano recording started can easily divert the stressors, and give you a definite, set goal to work upon. *All hobbyists know this, and can make a difficult time into something better... lemons into lemonade.* Anyways just some thoughts. Digital devices, and appliances are tools. Some people get this, some people don't. Sampling instruments and devices, you should see, are really the way to get images, and recordings of the external world, along with your own

thoughts and emotions, inside of the binary world. Once you get verbatim images of your world, according to you, onto your device, you can manipulate them in just infinite ways, and then you'll only be limited by your imagination. If you think in terms of animate presences, which express into the material world, through people, and animals... *you'll make the connection... infinity is always close at hand... and can be captured into your very own home made media without too much difficulty.* Once you see this, it will forever change your usage of smart phones and computers. Think of your most cherished

guardian Angels, as your guides through the worlds of possibility, and potentials in digital media. Those who you've thought of across your whole life will be who I mean. At any rate, these are some ideas. Practicing at relieving the cognitive stress of migraines, *you'll tend to grow more fluent and capable in mitigating various types of nervous tensions about your mind.* You'll eventually be fully competent and will be able to move in the world more confidently... this to me is the ultimate goal of the 'space dream,' in general. When you see youthful dreams coming forth, into the world, *you know that some will also learn*

*and master the 'space dream,' and will then become successful at the highest levels. I think that the one's who don't learn the soular, or spatio spiritual competency, will always be somewhat blocked from the fullest expression of their arts. I think that the heights of creativity can consist in learning to allow the imagination to project worlds along into the future... illumining realistic possible future outcomes. **These will be the futurists, whose inspiration fills them in on evolving outcomes.** At any rate, these have been a few ideas. I'll be happy to send them along to you, tonight... so I'll wrap them up, and do so.*

~

Continuing this part six along, I can see, how our views of animism, for many of us, are seen through the lens of a sacrament, *or they might not come up at all*. Might it not be true, that ideas about animism are accessible to many people, *only in the altered states of certain mind altering sacraments?* Perhaps, all of light and truth, the philosophies of Mind, and Spirit, animism, ideas around the existential ground of being, thoughts around astral travel, in general... and all of the out of body associated ideas, such as the afterlife,

reincarnation, telepathy, remote viewing, the 'fruits of the spirit,' in general, including the creation of self help literature, the human potential movement, as it occurs in 'study culture,' *the nurture* *ance of the 'Bearers of Light,' and the* *ideas around spiritual socialization, in* *general, and of individuation, as in Jungs* *model for self development, in the context* *of our culture of humanism... all of these* *ideas will firstly be accessible through the* *altered states of sacraments.* My philosophy is, that for a well developed mind, these ideas are indeed present, without a sacrament... but they appear to be

more accessible with a sacrament of some kind. This explains their prevalence in our culture, *and why you most likely have a sacrament beside your elbow, as you are reading these words.* I think, that sacraments, in our study lives, are the real world equivalent to the 'communion wafers,' which are somewhat at the heart of Catholicism. *Sacraments are no less intrinsic in our humanist culture, than the communion ceremony is in the Christian church, in general... they're pretty central, and we should remember their philosophical importance.* But, to be perfectly truthful, **they aren't strictly**

necessary, by any means. But, I think we should keep in mind, that even the best of the legendary doctors, and philosophers will be somewhat geared around these sacraments... *I imagine that, it's hard to divorce a literary mind from the socially acceptable sacraments, such as coffee and tea.* Since I've had to somewhat do without, often last year, *I've thought extensively about these substances, and the roles they play in our culture, and why we seem so fixated on, and fascinated, by these types of medicines.* You should know, that 'You're not the only one,' who deals with, and thinks around these sort of

'existential idea catalysts,' and their roles in our culture. I think that such thinking is neither good, nor bad, as such ideas definitely come up, *and some people grow to specialize around these thoughts... seeking to examine every angle on the matter of 'sacraments,' and their place in our personal lives, and in our society as a whole.* These 'medicine men,' will be quite serious about their morning coffee, and will enjoy examining the many roles and significance of such in our culture. You can bet that a book purporting to be around '*Animism*,' will have at its heart this matter of '*socially acceptable*

sacraments...' this is a matter of course. I think, that my writing about this topic herein, is stirred by my having gone without these 'socially acceptable' stimulants, for a while... *my words are somewhat given of this experience of having gone without.* Does this make any sense? I know full well, that this matter is close to many people's hearts, but this is partly why I want to examine it a bit... because of the rather large subconscious role that is played by the social sacraments in our day to day lives... I'm trying to get down on paper everything that I can think of about, *'Animism - Wisdom of the*

*Ancients,' and I do think that this topic encompasses much thought about the socially acceptable stimulants... the two are closely intertwined, and I am trying to shine a light into this pairing, and the many ways that I feel we need some real world experience, many of us, in the art of doing without these drinks... how much wiser we can be knowing what it's like to go without. See? **I'm not really trying to erode at our most sacred union, exactly, but I'm really just trying to come to closer awareness and consciousness of how the sacraments are somewhat built into my own lifes ways...** before I have to leave this*

mortal husk behind, and ascend, or transition, into the next existence... I wan't to be prepared for the challenges of complete abstinence, from stimulant drinks. If you see like I do, you'll know, that there may well be many other ways to elevate the mood, and lift the spirits, on the Other Side which we dont know of... and so all is not lost, by any means... it's just that I'm stirred and energized by having gone without for a while last year.... my perspective is informed by my knowledge of what its like to just get by... with no luxuries. Many people spend time in a place like that, as I think that it's gotten

harder to make ends meet on limited income, and I want to speak of what this is like. Doing without... it may even be true that going past this mortal life, into Eternal life, on a higher plane, will require me to somewhat give up mortal attachments, like food and drink... no one is really completely sure what our minds and spirits will be like, then, and I, for one, am curious... 'Will eventual final decay, and death be easy?' 'How hard is it to go without? and 'Can I even imagine it?' I'm delving into these things... because the 'sacraments,' appear to be built into my very existence. I only can remember my

childhood self very well, *feeling bad, helpless and powerless stopped when I discovered the medicine cabinet...* but I never thought of myself as needing any stimulants or mind altering drugs at all... *this didn't enter my life, until adulthood... I don't even remember brewing and drinking coffee until after I left my parent's nest entirely...* it was as a hard working proofreader, at a print shop, around age twenty two, that I began acquiring a taste for stimulant beverages... *you see, love of coffee wasn't from my time in my parents home.* So, these thoughts are in my mind, as I further continue along into this part six

of this audio book... *I'm enjoying looking at this matter from every angle, and am somewhat enjoying 'taking this course,' myself... and I hope to be the wiser for it.*

At any rate, I'll somewhat conclude this second article in this part six, and I hope that my reader has thought more about illumining his or her own subconscious habits, and quirks, and tendencies...

shouldn't we want to see as God sees? To see ourselves as separate from the things like food and drink which we put in our mouth and ingest? This is my question, and I'm trying to be courageous, as this is somewhat forbidden philosophical territory,

I know, but I just have to look more closely, at my own basic self, *in a spirit of 'Getting honest,' with myself*, and in early preparation for the life that may await us beyond this plaine of existence. Well, I'll conclude these thoughts, now. I'll send this article along your way now. Greg.

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Today is the first Saturday in twenty twenty five. We've got sunshine, and, our temperatures, today and for the next few days, are averaging highs around middle to upper fourties... probably no sharp

temperature drop, here at all until next week. I sit on this bed, and inputting into this blue tooth keyboard. I was glad to have gotten this part six of this audiobook off to a good start... *I enjoy talking about our sacraments which we use in daily life... coffee, tea, tobacco... it was interesting to think of how these substances are somewhat built into our society, and established, from the church level up.* The communion, symbolizing the symbolic saving power of the blood and flesh of the Savior, *seems to stand, in some ways for medicinal plants.* Everything from tea tree leaves, to coffee beans, to the willow bark,

and all of the other medicinal entheogens might be this meaning. Such also symbolizes the blood of the sacrificial lamb, in its redeeming power... *as blood sacrifices have through history been made to help ensure prosperity, and keep evil away.* The communion with its sacrament in a way is at the heart of human fellowship... *as communal gatherings involving wine, or delerients, or inebriants, or hallucinogens have been a part of human society for hundreds of thousands of years.* This audiobook is based around the topic of '*Animism - Wisdom of the Ancients.*' Everything that I've somewhat

been impressed with over the thirty years or so that I've walked and conversed with higher consciousness beings *has been loosely based around this Animism topic...* there has been a lot of wisdom which I have recollected from before my Earthly incarnation. I was born outside of most of this soular knowledge, and it began to be reintroduced to my consciousness only after a childhood spent with the blindness of a closed third eye... *(whatever knowledge I had as a youth wasn't of a spiritual nature, for I had no conscious experience of the spirit dimension.)* For myself, my adolescence involved, in

addition to loss of innocence, a reacquainting myself into the knowledge of my own immortal soul... I believe we all have more or less understanding of this timeless inner strata of our beings... some will develop more involved, advanced world views around this soular knowledge... but I feel that many people, if not most people, take the world of cognition and spirit somewhat for granted, never recognizing that at their most basic level, their minds and existances are happening, firstly on a higher, spiritual plaine of existence, *and secondly on the mortal physical fleshly plaine.* But, while

for most people, adolescence and puberty develops normally into young adulthood, and the standard patterns of love, marriage, and family, and raising children... *there will be those kids whose cognitive development is closely tied in with the building of works of literature, which will only show up at the surface level somewhat later in life.* These youth may be inwardly very complex, *and not fit into the standard templates at all.* I've often thought, how, any given morning, in our lives, some will contain within themselves such works of literature, which are trying to be externalized, and realized into

existence as digital media. These people inhabit the same daily grind as everyone else, *and have to take the same check ups and cross examinations.* At any rate, these are just some thoughts. In doing media development, you have to re do a thing as many times as it requires to get it just right. *Nothing less will do. I know, yesterday, I worked harder than I have in a while.* First, I rewrote the last part of part five of this audiobook, and softened it's attitude enormously. Then I produced the part five audio book finished thing, which required two tries to get right. Then I got the online files situated correctly. Then, I sat

extensively writing, for three or four hours, until I had twenty pages in the new part six accomplished. *Then I built my new portable document file, with the new part six audio book... and updated those online files.* Then I produced and mixed the new part six, which now runs seventeen minutes of all new material, set to the '***Spring's Youth,***' soundtrack. Then I turned my attention to the Christmas album I had produced back before Christmas. I had realized that the artwork on the front should be all my own original work, so I scrapped the old artwork, and built new artwork using the 'Evangeline' artwork, and

changed the name of the album to 'Evangeline's Christmas,' and completely updated all of the artwork, and tagging to reflect the new art and title, including all of the online files... and deleted the old Christmas music soundscape in You Tube. Then I completely updated the free Christmas album in Sound Click... *re titled, and replaced all of the artwork.* And then, lastly, I got the complete '**New Year's Groove**' high fidelity album added into the Sound Click Greg R. Norton page, and created the free Album download for this project. *So, to say I had a busy day is a bit of an understatement. I nearly worked my*

butt off. At any rate, This puts me at the third article for part six, and it's nearly halfway finished already. So, when I'm finished with this audiobook part six, I'm going to finalize the '*Animism wisdom of the Ancients*' audiobook, and close my writing off for it. It will be a six part audiobook. So, there you have it. Yesterdays and todays work, have put me way out ahead, *so I'm pretty pleased with myself.* At any rate, just some thoughts. I've just had some lunch at the dining hall, and returned and iterated all of the things I did yesterday, and today, you can see that I've nearly finished this third essay for the

audiobook part six. *These thoughts are beginning to come to their logical conclusion, so I'll finish this article off and add it in with the other writings, and expand my audio book with this new ten page essay.* I might as well get to it, the work's not going away. Well, all for now, I'll send this along your way, now. Greg.

~

This is the first Sunday morning in January, this year. We've got cloudy skies, and our temperatures are in the upper forties. We're expecting strong winds to move through

this afternoon, bringing colder temperatures, and continuing to blow through most of tomorrow. I sit here on this bed, and inputting some thoughts...

When I'm sometimes afflicted by the ways of my uniqueness in society, I remember just who I am, and the many qualities I love about myself. I think, that my feelings are always quite evident, on my face, and in my gestures... others are always looking on and judging... people always judge others... and I tend to gravitate towards those others *with sincere interest in what my living signifies, and who aren't too judgmental, but who are willing to be*

present with me, in the now. At any rate, on a morning like this one, I will have gotten my medicine, and been through the social scene, and returned to my apartment. I somewhat build my life around this time at my word processor, and want nothing more than to articulate the nuances of my cognitive sphere... *looking into the silvery surface of the shimmering mirror, to better understand myself, and my inner world...* my view on to the astral plaine. People have to live together... people need people, and all that we do, creatively, is framed and bordered by our relationships with the others in our group. ***You certainly can't do***

it on your own. At any rate, our apartment's air conditioning is a comforting humm, as it shuts on and off in keeping our climate controlled. It's good to be indoors, and we somewhat expectantly await the afternoons weather. I'm thinking to myself, how, I'll have to take my hanging bird feeder down, from the back porch eaves, before the winds comes through, if I don't want it to blow around and get damaged. Any other unsecured objects will want to be brought in. At any rate, this writing will comprise the fourth article in this part six of this new audio book, '*Animism wisdom of the Ancients.*' If there's one thing I

know, it's the value, in my living, of goal setting, and goal accomplishing. Here's a Zig Zigler quote I like: *'Lack of direction, not lack of time, is the problem. We all have twenty four hour days.'* I've seen times when everybody seems to be staring at me many times before. These times make me ask myself, *'How can I stay completely in the now, when I've got so many literary notions, and future writings, running around up in my head?'* 'Especially when others get confused by my 'noisy motor,' and sometimes think like something is wrong?' But, I should remember, how these others may have important insights,

sometimes they want to impart, and I want to hear them sometimes, and learn from them. *I just also have to think of my own boundaries, and let them know when I get encroached upon.* There are several of my favorite quotes by a modern entertainer, I remember from my childhood, **Fred Rogers.** One goes something like, *'I like to take my time, I do, and when I'm told to hurry up, I like to take my time and do it right.'* Another I love, is *'Look carefully, Listen carefully... There's a lot that we can learn carefully. Look, and listen.'* The great thing about these quotes were the melodies which they were set unto. These

were tunes I'll never forget... Mr. Rogers influenced and impressed a generation of kids with these strong, helpful, positive messages. Today's society is not much different... our standard of living is better... comforts and amenities are more prevalent. *Fiscally, though, there isn't real good confidence in our system.* Otherwise, why is it said that our federal budget deficit is in the trillions of dollars? That deficit information is criticism of our system... it is such strong criticism of our system, and I think that my generation is distrustful, of this kind of de base ing of our minds, in this society... *'How much even is a*

trillion?' 'Doesn't this mean our system is in serious trouble, and might not be sustainable?' But, some people earn serious riches, and I've heard it said, that a few very rich people could entirely pay off our nations' debts... so why continue kicking our collective morale out from under us? 'Is our American system really unsustainable, or can we somehow survive being broke?' These are just a few thoughts, which, as I said, have been running around up in my mind... waiting for their chance to be expressed, on lasting media. How long do we have, or something. What, really, can someone like

me do to help? Well, anyways. These have been just a few thoughts. *Maybe there will be a time of encouragement, for our fragile wounded hopes... and we'll be given hope, that somehow the new generations can get our system out of the ditch, and back competitive again.* This is my hope, also, that we'll be given some strong encouragement, and good reason to believe in our system. Because many of us love it, and have always believed in it. **After all, our capitalism hasn't folded up yet... our economy hasn't shuttered its account yet! We're still in the game!** So, I'm glad that I finally found the courage and opportunity

to share these feelings... and in getting them off of my chest, maybe just maybe I'll find an alternative income source, and earn a few hundred dollars a week. *Maybe then I'll be able to get off of disability, and regain my self esteem.* After all, this journal has been pretty successful, along with the piano albums. *Maybe the readers which these projects together bring in are worth something to someone?* Well, anyways. It's with these thoughts, of hoping my own media genius will one day be profitable, that I'll conclude these ideas, and add them in with the others. These are just a few thoughts for when or if you have

to. But, of course, butterflies aren't really the problem... what I really mean is, *'Beware of uncertain feelings... as these red flags some times show up, and you must remember to always go around these tell tale signs, in writing, and in life. They can be indicative of real Earth changes... feelings at the solar plexus chakra are somewhat worrisome.'* I can say this, because I was writing in this manner, ahead of the tornado outbreak of twenty eleven, which put a quarter mile swath of destruction right through the south side of my town. We have to stay aware of how, all of time is one ceaseless, ever changing

whole... and the future can be glimpsed even today... if we know what to look out for... *the uncertain feelings and solar plexus sensations are indeed worrisome.* But, on the bright side, our brisk sunny January weather will be back soon. The gardens out toward the spring time need the rain. Anyways, all for now, Greg.

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I'm going to try and get some ideas down on paper in order to finish up this part six of this audio book. Our skies are clear to start the day, and the temperatures are

somewhat cold, as it's barely getting out of the thirties today. I'm getting, as I write this, that this is a pretty good topic for covering in writing, *this 'Animism - Wisdom of the Ancients.'* I see, that I need to keep this book going... keep this subject category open... to get down the good ideas that I have on this... as long as possible... *as good book titles are hard to come by.* I'm trying this morning to get a non invasive medical procedure accomplished at my local community hospital. After this is done I'll hopefully get back and get this chapter finished up, as I've got plenty of good ideas, and I'll make

usage of the time, at the first opportunity. You might would think that I would have run low on ideas, about this, after six chapters, but, I think that everything in my mind ties in somehow to this subject. Everything from my earliest mental stirrings, to starting some writing with my typing ability, after several years of mental wandering, *it's been informed by the presence and consciousness of higher spirit, helping me think, and giving subtle advice.* So, coming into consciousness of these presences was really the first step... Everything gradually evolved from there. *There was a mentor or two who sincerely*

helped me by encouraging me towards a meditation practice. Part of me knew these guys were trying to help me see something I didn't or couldn't see, at the time, so this advice helped. These things offered promise and some assurance that there was something more... *for I had not spoken with anyone telepathically before that, or didn't take such seriously, really.* At any rate, we're almost back to the home now. Then there will be food, and I'll get my blue tooth keyboard out, and finish this article. The only way that I had to get to any '*waters of life,*' from adolescence onset, up until age twenty three, was by taking

some bad medicine, and I was limited to this self medicating way for any 'self work,' at all, such as art, or music... *and personal growth had to be done under the influence of a substance of some kind.* Then, I met Spirit, and this magnifying lens made my pain worse... I found myself agitated, moody, restless and irritable. *This had to be medicated by my makeshift means, as well, because I couldn't breathe a word of my condition to my doctor.* At any rate, when this trouble lifted off of my life, I was finally free to be creative and make the music and writing of my dreams... but this only lasted a short time, before my nation

suffered a bad set back. *I learned how, just when you think it's clear and good to go, that's when you have your worst crisis. And then, I had to unlearn this same thing.*

When I finally began to feel I had gotten past the opening years of the new century, it was about twenty twenty, so this last four years of writing are somewhat wise to most of my life changes, and the worst of the troubles with our land, appear to be behind. Of course, this four year period saw the covid nineteen pandemic, and I worried about this dreaded type of respiratory infection for a while... now I know, how any morning you feel reasonably good, or

get good work done, is maybe all that there is... *the 'just for today,' philosophy is not a bad way to see, as no one is really guaranteed tomorrow.* Of course, you shouldn't shirk your responsibilities, or procrastinate... saying I'll do a thing tomorrow isn't always the right way. *It's just that life has shown me to use imaginary yoga stretches, and to be content in the moment, ahead of always fussing about things I don't have any control over.* Anyways, getting these ideas into my journal, like this, to close out this chapter of my latest audio book is about the most of what I could hope for, most any

good time. It's Tuesday night, and I've just gotten my evening medicines, and have returned to my apartment. Our temperatures will be staying in the twenties and thirties for the rest of the week, with rain expected, and some cold lows, for Friday night. Anyways, I got another four panel composite of pen and ink sketches done yesterday afternoon, and am happy with the results. I was thinking, earlier, about how almost everything In my cognitive life is highly informed by animate presences... there was my life before telepathy, and that absense of presence, *and everything after*. Once I had

the presence of being, I tended to reflect on every nuance of my previous life... looking, through every nook and cranny, searching for any signs of consciousness. One alone, just can't grasp the diaphrenous self's being... *but two minds, together will be able to process the self, and then some.* This is where this esoteric writing comes from... this two minds in one heart. Others may live in richly detailed, emotional and linguistic unity with the cultural fabric around themselves... but myself, being somewhat autistic, I think that I miss out on much of what makes society so fun for most people... understanding and reacting

to the expressions and emotions of others...
I'm always running somewhat behind, and others will have to explain to me what just happened, all of the time. But, this detachedness lets me rest, and I would wish the same for you... *that you not worry yourself with the whims of others.* At least, this way has brought me some peace through the years. At any rate, I'm enjoying having my bird feeder, and I like seeing the little guys coming daily for sunflower kernels, cracking them, and dropping the hulls down on the porch beneath. I try to get outside with a broom each day to sweep the hulls away, so that

they don't make a mess on the porch. Well, I'm enjoying sitting here, after my morning hi jean, and inputting these thoughts into my smart device's word processor with this blue tooth keyboard. I'm telling myself, to be sure and answer my phone calls, even from numbers I don't recognize, because the Doctors office will be trying to call and give me my scan results. At any rate, it's almost time for me to get over to the office, and get my morning medicines, so I'll think about wrapping this writing up, and adding it in with the others, now. *I've enjoyed making this chapter, and I'm looking forward to getting them all so far onto*

three audio C Ds. Well, I'm going to try and finish this article up, and send it along your way now. All for now. Greg.

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STARTING THIS '*ANIMISM - WISDOM of the Ancients*,' part seven, this afternoon... it's in the style of a nature journal... and because, I'll greatly cherish an accounting of the wintry chill, and possible snowfall, as I read it back later, and marvel at nature's extremes. Today is the third Sunday in January, this year, and, while our area, here, is a little north of the

snow warnings, which happen to stretch along the southern portions, there will be some real cold air passing through after midnight tonight, until mid day Monday... we all know to make sure our sink faucets are left draining tonight when we go to bed. Otherwise pipes can burst, if frozen water gets trapped inside. At any rate, our temperatures, I'm guessing will be down into the teens, and possibly even single digit ranges tonight... where frostbites on hands can happen in as little as ten minutes if exposed unprotected. I've written through a wide range of winter conditions, and phenomena... *I guess, as much as*

anything, this present book is a nature journal. And as we have elements around us, if we're out doors, so our beings on the inside, of our minds, are enmeshed, and enfolded sometimes in elemental conditions which, we've learned, we must find harmony within. We must learn to take shelter, so to speak, within useful patterns, and habits, strategies and methods, for keeping closely attuned to ones own feelings, and the ebb and flow of presences... *pressures, and energies which we as people have to learn to live with daily.* Hobbies, and crafts... with their gradual refining and perfecting of our

practical abilities, and fluency in using tools, and materials... seen with instruments, and samplers... *are the 'open roads,' of the homebound.* Usage of digital tools, appliances, instruments and devices, can be understood, and seen as being the biggest 'step up,' or 'empowerment advancement,' that mankind has ever reached. Now, everything that you would do with a notebook or sketchbook, and pen, and colors, or paints, or with a musical instrument, or photographic camera... these saved bytes and bits can be archived, and mixed and produced right on your desk top appliance... thus greatly simplifying the

process of getting your thoughts and visions into the hands of willing readers and listeners, the world over. So, these times we are living in are really just something... as the digital media community, and internet culture reaches yet another stride, powered by smaller, more efficient and smarter microprocessors... *it's really fantastic to see our parent's and their parent's dreams come to further fruition... even as electric power generation becomes more and more sustainable, and equitable.* At any rate, these are things which can be seen. What do you think? As I sit here, I'm mulling

over which direction to take this audio book into, and just *'awaiting subtlest guidance.'* Without the strong 'solving,' proffered by a trusted medium istic familiar... the concerned look in my eyes, which tells myself, *'Someone must be smiling on me, in the here and now... in the future.'* Otherwise, I believe that I would have a blank expression, for instance. But, without my carefully honed problem solving ability... my penetrating stare, taking all things into consideration, and 'awaiting guidance,' I'd really be bogged down in the mud. This quiet, watchful waiting, so to speak, allows local

presences, to eventually arrive upon the most advantageous path to take, through the brambles... *and as my hands are resting on this blue tooth keyboard, you'll see the right direction come forth, onto the 'lasting media.'* I think that this sort of thing, flows from what's thought to be the best collective, and individual goals... *the all around lessor of the other evils... and, in my life, with some importance placed upon 'finished equity.'* You could debate whether to use the term 'finished,' or 'accomplished...' the way I might have done in an earlier work, or two... but honestly, having a sense of language play isn't much

of the right way, now. I'm much older, than I was then, and I think that these times we are living in, and the place where my work has gotten unto... *neither one would wish to trivialize my Spirits discretion... so it isn't hard to see, how, this isn't year two thousand any more.* I've myself grown so much, and the sense of urgency is somewhat greater, too... *'Just what do you think might have gotten into that person?'* to make him or her do such a thing? You see, the questions are somewhat more probing... right has become left, up has become down. Some look for answers in an exoteric manner. Some look only within

for guidance... Only, are these willing to ignore superficial appearances, *and instead know how only the simplicity and elegance of a self contained 'inner, etheric eyesight,' can, with patience, lead one who is in search to the clear, cool, life sustaining waters, which can really uplift, and inspire?* Perhaps, our rudest 'mean old men,' are somewhat missing the point entirely... when, 'If I want to truly be happy, then won't this inner guidance appear to so completely quench my thirst for understanding, *that I seek no more, and instead find complete renewal and rejuvenation in the good guidance which*

obviously comes from a 'higher place,' and is obviously in abundant evidence? Just a thought. As men will be talking, animalistic spirits will be wrestling one another. So, if you're building, instead, in your hobby or craft, your equity, what you will have to show for your time... your product... will somewhat want to be purchased, already, well enough to have its own meanings, and purposes already settled. See? Why don't I, instead of hammering and clamoring, why don't I just allow a few of my best ideas, from lately, onto a notebook page... and then somewhat allow spirits' discerning perceptions to find

what good she can from within them? Who knows what some crude beginning thoughts might could leed unto, in your Spirits caring hands? What is it that I am meaning, now? Externalize some thoughts, and get them down, on paper, and then just trust the wise, and kind spirits to make the best of them... you'll at least then, have an essay, or an article, *and you will have taken a crucial step, in 'listening,' to your own Spirit's best guidance.* At any rate, these are just some thoughts. It sure is good to have a focused mind, and to have such willing ideas, going onto the blank page. There's a place of unison, where two or

three souls can enjoy sweetest harmony. When, in process of your writing, or music, you discover this kind of locale, you'll always seek to make such a routine criterion for your '*Quality time...*,' and try to recreate that effect. *One's 'perceptual acuity,' spiritual aptitude, will know the time, and direction in which to proceed.* When one understands how '*You can know of all things under the Heavens, without going past one's doorstep,*' *you'll then be in touch with the right inspiration to understand and approach the answers to the days' unique problems.* Going to bed tonight, we'll have to do certain things, and

leaving the plumbing to slowly drip is one of them... this is an imperative... not a mere suggestion. By lunch time tomorrow, maybe, temperatures will have begun to thaw again. But we'll have to take precautions tonight. Well, these have been some thoughts. I'll finish this writing up, and add it in with the others, now.

~

Well, we've been spared the worst of the wintery precipitation, this morning... while we awoke to outdoor temperatures in the teens, we don't have any snow on the

ground... this is much better news for the morning commute... although, school classes are still scheduled as usual... around here, so no new snow day. From my spot on my bed, here, I can see out through my open window blinds, up through the pine trees across the driveway, and into the cold, clear blue skies, above. *It's good to think that normalcy prevails... and that today is as good a time to be alive as any that has ever been.* Barring unforeseen circumstances, our days affairs, and events will go as planned. It's certainly a good day to stay inside, and get some new writing done. This present writing will be

the second article, in the seventh part of this new audio book. I've been amazed, throughout this book's creation, at the blessed way it's come together. *I think, that this is testament to the upright and ethical administrative management over this home.* Some of these men and women are young, but the quality of their services are top level. I like proudly saying, how, *'All of my artistic and life goals have come through, and been realized one hundred percent... I've faced no limiting, or restraining of my rights, and all of my needs are met.'* That to me, is so good... as I think I know how hard it must be to keep

a business afloat in this modern time. *It sure is appreciated.* I'm listening to an optical disc on my hand held c d player, now, and things seem to be in the right ranges, this morning... *nothing out of the ordinary.* It's good to have a good strong track record of getting work like this done... knowing how to make good content, like this, come to be, and with so few issues, is an acquired ability, which I cherish. At any rate, I sit and write. Lonlieness is not a problem in my life, anymore... *as I am in contact with a trusted mediumistic familiar going along with me, in all of my endeavors.* There is a very

wide range of 'looks,' and 'demeanors,' which I've come to know, between this sort of 'Angel presence,' and myself... *these alone are such a treat, as they usually signify that everything is in normal ranges, and that nothing is out of the ordinary, today.* So, I couldn't be happier, and I'm for sure not in any pain anymore. Well, just some thoughts. I can occasionally see, that my terms, or conditions of this spiritual relationships, I have spoken of, may have shifted, in some small way... might have a slightly different look, one day from the next... *but a knowing nod, assures me that 'the ship is in good shape,*

and is definitely seaworthy.' I tell myself again and again, *that we'll 'take what we can get,' out of our time on Earth... my own inner virtues, such as my being a self starter, and my simply being a 'talented voice,' I feel simply allow the 'standard of life,' I have known to thrive.* If my wish is to do good work, in this hobby, or craft avocation, *then, eventually, maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow, I'll be allowed to do so.* You see, knowing thoroughly the many ranges of journal ing in America, *I can usually, if not always, spot significant changes, in the flow of this 'writer's craft.'* You have to know the ways of how one's

paranoid self criticism gets rather intense, at times... *this type of thing alternates with the far seeing, enlightened state, like the polarities of a magnet in a motor.* This is something that I've variously called, 'mood swings,' since entering into consciousness of this deveachaic, eleysial realm, which I think of as being the mind, or the '*ground of being.*' At any rate, as a mortal, It is really an incredible thing, to be really kept 'in the loop,' *to be included in the grown up discourse.* But, due to my mental illness, there will always be, the swings between the paranoid self critical types of states of mind, *and the 'far seeing, and enlightened'*

state. These are really the main attributes of my mature, grown up challenges, daily, and there's never a day that I don't stress over these things. But, if one studies closely, for long enough, ***there will eventually appear the clear way through the brambles... it's often in just knowing when the time has come to seize one's own reins, and to take the cart up the hill, or down, to the left or the right.*** Anyways, these are some thoughts. Twenty twenty five is a new year, and so the writing coming during this beginning month, of January, *is necessarily a bit more hesitant, and careful.* This may be why I might

seem to be *'saying much, while only saying very little...'* this so as not to overstep, or reach out past where my sure grip can hold. At any rate, these and other things are in my mind, this morning. **During the years I have worked for a paycheck, in this part of the world, in my younger years, the working day was always somewhat inseparable from the coffee rituals we enjoyed.** *It's just that, doing work for others, for a salary, is, and can be, the most rudimentary of chores.* Often, there is someplace he or she would rather be... certainly there are other things I could be doing, now... from vegetating with my

head on my pillow, to browsing the internet, and reading popular authors... the coffee ritual gives, and brings to the mundane chores of work a festive embellishment... such is something one can do, 'just for me,' and to 'keep some control,' amid controlling bosses, and customers... **it's so great to enjoy this tasty treat.** But, indeed, my sentiments about this, and many other factors in my life, vary widely from week to week... *the 'paranoid self critical' state has taught me to 'know what I want,' out of life, and to 'know how to procure it.'* So, each day, when the occasional criticism comes, it is so good, to rest in this self

starting, self motivating work ethic...
which knows full well how to please the customer, and how to keep him or her coming back... **and how to have a good time doing it, as well.** After all, it's not always just me, who goes through mood swings, and changes of view, from week unto week... *one's administrative management, as well as other bosses, and customers have their own journeys to take with myself...* sentiments are always changing... **everything changes... nothing ever stays the same,** (As the old song goes,) so, isn't the trick in not being rigid, nor inflexible? Knowing how to change

gracefully. People sometimes have various attitudes, and agendas, and sometimes want differing things from a writer, or artist. *I think, that the successful hobbyist will know, firstly, not to take the whims of others too seriously...* I've often told myself... 'Just do one thing, and do it well.' Well, these have been a few thoughts. *'If I am at peace with my brother, I'll have nothing but affirmation, and peace for him or her... no complaints.'* -The Old Master. Well, I'll see about bringing this writing to a stopping point, about now, and about getting a new perspective for my afternoon. All for now, Greg.

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Today is the third Tuesday in January, this year. I sit, this morning, after getting a bite to eat, and receiving my medicines, and look into the screen of this smart device's word processor, with my blue tooth keyboard on my lap. I begin to try and get the first few thoughts down, onto my empty page, which occur to myself. Every once in a while, something in my life will show me a new way of seeing things, *or life changes will ask me to look at something from a different angle.* This type of self

searching can be very enlightening, and I want to try and keep track of my thoughts, when this happens, *and make good note of how my Spirit is able to see me through the trouble.* I've been journaling, and writing in this way for more than twenty years, now, and there has never been a confusion, which she can't sort out, or shine light into, yet. *Our society will always have our youth, and developing minds, in a changing world, sometimes are led through paths of 'Nada Terma,' or immature self expression.* I've myself come through this, and it's been amazing through the years, to see how these early pieces have been shown the

time and patience, to find their own inner meanings. Ours is a great country, and I do believe that *we'll always be able to, eventually understand the most puzzling self expressions which our young minds can be dealt, or are given.* 'Nada Terma,' is a Buddhist term, which I think points to the kind of artistic expression, which is *'still in the process of becoming,'* and which the world, and the artist, might will have to, together, discover the meanings of, *right along with the passage of time.* I've myself been in the mental health care system since the early nineties, and so I am very familiar with a therapeutic approach

to our lives problems... from my earliest sojourns through group homes, and transitional homes, *I've been shown to holistically examine my life's issues, in group settings, and to somewhat collectively work through such issues.* Questions around my early music, or Nada Terma art have been seen and looked at therapeutically, as well. *Perhaps this type of art, was given to me around the Millennium, as a kind of compensatory factor, for the troubles and pains which I went through throughout the nine teen nineties.* My relationships with pain and addiction, including the type of pain which

is an agitated restlessness, (*which may be connected to illicit drugs in our society, and which almost always, but not always, comes in tandem with substance and inebriant use...*) might have been given closure, and meaning by the 'immature' music... (*in particular that with the 'dynamic arc motif...'*) which I made from nineteen ninety nine through year two thousand, perhaps to signify a time of 'travail,' in general, such as the nineties were to myself. I've lived with this, too, the trauma, and the questing of 'striving to understand,' and have worked on these issues, in context with self injury attempt

rehabilitation. To understand addiction issues, and recovery, I think it's helpful to see such in context with the flowing and passage of time, and for us to understand that in the Spirits invisible realm, and in hindsight, pain can be seen as a good thing... when, for instance, it becomes seen as a time of learning, or as a 'time of dues paying,' or somewhat to prove that, 'You can't do it on your own,' **after which a new life is found.** The 'new life,' concept is very important to me, and holds much meaning for me... **as my getting into group home living in two thousand and three, completely revolutionized my**

whole life... and let me find my own victory. An aspiring 'blues musician,' for example, I think, makes music, partly as a reaction to, or as a response unto the pain in his or her life. If he or she hadn't felt the pain of substance addiction, or the cycles of addiction, (*where a person's pain increases, as his or her access to, and interest in, a type of drug, becomes greater,*) he might not would have returned to the bluesy music in his life, at all. His music, its immature qualities, might have been developed partly as a reaction to the pains of substances, and their addictive ways. There might be ways our pain will

somewhat get worse, for no apparent reason... *(perhaps when there are worse drugs in the neighborhood.)* You see, such may be a deeply intertwined phenomena, this of how the pain of a 'chemical imbalance,' in a young person's life, for instance, can grow enormously, as soon as he is shown or introduced unto a type of drug, or chemical, *(which then suffices to medicate that very pain, which now is greater than anything he knew, at the start.)* So, a person's pain, and his or her usage of drugs, alcohol, or inebriants, are two sides of the same coin... *and they may be, for some, closely paired.* Without the

presence of the drug, in the neighborhood, for instance, **then there might would be no pain, or agitation, present in the person, in the first place.** But most people will have at least some life issues, and almost every life has at least some pain. *And, blues music in general, might be a hallmark, or rite, of having passed through such pain.* And, when a person is brought into 'spirit consciousness,' there may be those who will seek to sell him medicines, to alleviate, the pain of that spirit consciousness itself. *(Spirit consciousness is a sort of magnifying lens... in which any life issues become*

greater, just as the grief and angst of ones trying to individuate, and find socialization, becomes a factor at all... this spirit consciousness makes his or her experience of such greater.) The 'immature art,' for its blue sey worth, might have been given as a hallmark of, or as a 'rite of passage,' for ones years, lost to the pains of addiction... not just as a contextual signpost, in the artists contemporary culture, *but signifying the persons passage into a healthier time, free from addictive substances, and their troubles.* These are a lot of words, which I'm given this morning, somewhat to deal with changes, and my

own ever changing attitudes, and beliefs about myself, and my art... just how should I see, myself, in light of this time we're living in, and these questions... and *'Do the positive and negative things people say to, or about myself affect my beliefs about myself?'* *'Or not?'* And, *'Can I use my common sense and intelligence, (in Spirit's hands,) to better understand an immature, or 'Nada Terma,' type of artwork, such as some of my early works are, or were?'* At any rate, these sorts of questions are always at play in a modern artist's life situation, and it helps to know and understand how we feel about them, and

what the answers are, for ourselves, across time. *Also, just 'How can we show our spiritual side respect, and consideration, especially in context with the artistic expressions we've been given through the years, and the Spirit's work in our lives, in general?'* At any rate, these are just some words, to confirm, and affirm to myself, how, no matter what is the pain in our lives, Spirit's graces are there, and will be there, *to help us to see the upward paths, and to show us into better ways of seeing, in general.* Spirit's graces are enormously important in a disabled person's life, like mine own, and I'll want

to jot down every thought and idea, which appears to proceed forth from, and to grow in understanding, *through and past any trouble which may arise*. Well, these have just been a few thoughts. Perhaps, by my elevating my 'skill level,' just a bit, and speaking of addictions, and pain, and such as Nada Terma, or immature art, in a holistic sense, *I'll myself find better understanding for my own life's issues, and helped my reader to see, and understand his or her own life better, as well*. Well, these thoughts appear to be arriving upon their logical conclusion, and so I'll put them in with the others, and send them

along your way, now. I hope to be inspired by the dreams which this brings me. All for now, Greg.

~

As I accomplish a few chores, around this apartment, this morning, so that we can live in a clean place, I really can tell how important having a kind of yoga stretch is in my life today. My mind is a bewildering whirlpool, and my eyes quickly grow unseeing and blind, unless I have some real exercise I can do, mentally, to keep me grounded in my body anatomy... arms,

head, torso, legs... this is the me I have to keep my mind upon... *not the phantasms which strut about in my visuolinguistic field.* I've had an eye problem since the late nineteen nine teens... something which my doctor told me were 'ocular migraines.' This quickly creates a sort of mental, visual, linguistic confusion, which is impossible to navigate, for myself, unless I focus on, especially, my head staying centered between my shoulders... *and through putting my arms and hands up past the sides of my head, mentally, this is much easier.* Otherwise, I begin to be pulled to the right or the left... and I get imbalanced.

At any rate, having this kind of imaginary yoga stretch which I can do greatly simplifies my living in the physique which I'm in. I sometimes wonder, *'How will I get the work done, to meet the goals I've set for myself? How will I attend to all of these items?'* The answer to this question, is found within the flowing of time itself. If we're looking down on a scene, from above, we see forms, and objects, and beings situated in empty space. But the part we can't see, are all of the circuitous paths which the living, working beings travel... *space and time will be an expanding, billowing partnering, a flowing*

*outward of the empty space, between everything, over time... the moments will flow... hours, days, months, years... and across the span of a while, the living beings move all over the place in the field of view. Especially, if they've got a work program in some way... people's ways are like bumblebee flight paths... they go everywhere, and do everything under the sun. **The only thing you can't see is the flow of space time, and the moments having moved upward, and outward, billowing, through all of these things.** Space and time is the animating principle. The bumblebees are the organisms.*

'Given time, all things are possible.' -

The illumined sage. Everything on Earth is busy... we should find something, anything to do, and join in. Only then will we come to know the true Infinity. You'll have only fleeting glimpses of who and what you really are, until you find some way that you can *'Dance freely in the collective soul...*

Dance in the collective sigh kee of mankind.' You'll come to know the Truth... how you, too, just like all of the ones you've looked to through the years, are an powerful spirit being, who accomplishes many wonders... over the span of a year, just look at all of the creations... which

transcend, and span all knowing, and thinking, and dreaming. You'll come to see, *that You yourself are the God which you are always in search of...* You and all of the others, which freely dance, and rejoice in the myriad patterns of life... on Spirit's call. You'll then search no more! Anyways, this is a fruit of an enlightened, Spirit attuned life... being spirit centered is like being an worker ant, in a giant hive... drawn by an irresistable force, you move through so many life steps... far more than one could count... carrying things, doing things, doing everything under the sun, for the common good, and to establish and

uphold your own good reputation. Anyways, don't forget what you are, now... *a small unit, in a much larger family system, and regional, national hierarchy of light workers.* Nothing can really resist, for long, such tireless, Spirit led working... Your will will be done, on Earth as in Heaven. Well! So this is what my heart has been trying to find, for the recent few days... I'm right along with you, if you're reading this... *this Spirit has shown Exaltation, and I'm filled with a wonder indescribable.* **'This must be a piece of sunlight, in my heart!'** May such wonders never cease. So, hold yourself tightly,

between up stretched arms... cradling your lateral feathers, and fluffing them upward, along the upward paths of your up stretched arms. Turn your feathers up... each feather, and in unison... the upward flowing is ear resistable. At any rate, when I'm not thinking like this, I'll usually be depressed, my lateral feathers matted down, into a dense kind of shiny gloss. Fluffing them upwardly is what I'm meant to do in my life. If there were any better writing for me to be doing, in my life, now, I don't know what it would be... for my Spirit is imbuing every word of this with the intricate beauty of a linguistic

mechanism, a smoothly flowing, turning rubric. **What is a rubric? Ruby... The words in red.** A rubric is a scoring guide, used to evaluate performance of a product, or a project. It has three parts: *1) criteria, 2) ratings scale, and 3) indicators.* Who knew, how such as this were just beneath the being's surface layers... a incorporate design, which is in full flower... full deployment. *How easily do I learn and understand new concepts? How long does it take for me to get new ideas squared away in my mind?* Such as this should make you think. Well, these have been a few words. I'll lay this writing aside for a

while, and find something else to do. At any rate. I'm thinking of which direction to take this audiobook into, this morning... I'm recently thinking of ways that I can keep this writing on the level, and sincere. My quoting of a search engine result... *I used the term rubric, for instance, more because of the way it sounds, and because I thought it would be an opportunity for myself to learn something new, and maybe expand my vocabulary, a bit.* So, these are my concerns, this morning... Nothing too serious, I'm just wondering about the way in which I'm trying to take this writing. Maybe, the stress of getting these thoughts

down, is getting somewhat ponderous... I occasionally go through 'imaginary crisis,' times, and put myself through unnecessary worry. *There might be something I could 'do without.'* As a youth, my ways were *slow, but steady.* Socially, I was somewhat autistic, but ordinarily, my choices were pretty good... *I think, that people thought they saw spirits' presence in my life, from a young age, and I guess they did, but I had no conscious experience of God's word, or the work He would do in my life.* Unappreciative might would be a good word to describe... my intentions were good, *but my inner eyesight was 'glued*

shut.' It's funny, how a small thing, can start me into a whole new direction, but this writing, is in something of an 'expository' style... I'm either explaining my views of something in my life, *or I'm modeling my paths, as it were to show forth my choices, or share my observations.* This may be partly why I used the term rubric, as I believe in teaching, and in the role of guides, and in the 'self help,' style of writing... I used to somewhat see myself in the place of Jesus, as I read my Bible... such was a role, that young as I was, I thought was pretty special. **(Having all the answers, and knowing how to solve**

the puzzle, for instance, were abilities I thought would be pretty great... an Einstein, or a Beethoven, for instance.)

As I grew older, I realized that so much of what we have in our western society is guaranteed, and has been purchased by our grand parents, already, and their parents... the smartest role, then, for me might be maybe more in the receiving, and allowing of the blessings of liberty, in my life... of course, not offering myself up for a rotten role, or settling for a most humble path, in terms the world's standards, necessarily... but simply resting in what good we have already, and trusting my good hereditary

background, for the most part, to allow me to model, or exemplify, a strong spiritual writing style... *therefore, I have settled my relationship with Eternity, in my younger years, and in the person of my medium istic familiar, and somewhat letting her do the talking, in general.* My ideas are more around the power of the 'do odd,' or the great benefits of looking directly unto a higher spiritual presence, for inspiration, *and not feeling like I have to do it alone.* This secondary, higher, perspective, or the Beloved, will have been the main focus of my life for years. I believe that, 'Equipped with the wisdom of this timeless duality,

we'll see so much further, *and be able to discern properly the right way, that is clear.*' At any rate, yesterdays writing, I think, just got the 'cart a little before the horses,' and, as I thought, then, it's been eye opening to look at the actual term 'rubric,' and the meanings which such might have for myself. Anyways, William Blake wrote of how, *'The Active spirit rages in the jungle, with the lions. The Passive principal charts the perilous path through the tangled vines and branches.'* This has always held meaning for myself, as I've come to realize how, I'm much more of a way finder, than an entertaining

character in my own right... *my personality is almost completely that of a functionary, and in service of Spirit...* and I have a very mild demeanor. My speciality is with a pen and paper... I only had to live long enough, to learn to trust my best inner guidance, for the right reasons... *because her choices appear to be pretty good choices, to me, and have been somewhat shown to be the 'best I can come up with.'* These ways have held up through two decades of world music, and literature publishing... I could do worse, that's for sure, than as an exemplar, of **nature based journalistic Theosophy**. At any rate, these are some

ideas. You see, I've grown to be amazed at the way Spirit's word *can truly turn a dark day, into a light one...* so I knew there was more to my writing ability, than just my own mundane perspective... for, this spirit is very circumspect, and has many, many wisdom facets I've used every day, for years. So, there you are. This writing, appears to be coming through its crucible, and finishing up, but, it's not too lengthy... so I think, it would be best to just add it onto the previous article, and do that, rather than try and make a whole new story. So, I'll wrap these ideas up, and add them in with the others. I'll send this along your

way, now. All for now, Greg.

